

THE MONTH

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Francis Thompson and Richard Crashaw.

IN the work of nearly all writers the influence of those who have gone before them may be traced. This is not remarkable: more difficult is it to explain why such traces should so often be set down by the critics as in some sort to the discredit of the work in which they appear. For the poets, especially those of one nation or tongue, are a race, a clan, wherein the fashion of song is handed down from generation to generation, as naturally, and as inevitably, as characteristics of body and mind pass on from father to son. The influence of some poets, no doubt, is more marked, more persistent than that of others; not confined to their immediate successors; more apt to reappear in times distant from their own, as a strain of garden-plants will show reversions to an earlier form. This is especially true of those who have been called the poet's poets—of Spenser, or Shelley, as distinguished from other, as great and greater, names—Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth.

What quality makes good their claim to this title is rather doubtful. Perhaps it is chiefly a certain conscious delight in the material in which they work as distinct from the uses they put it to; in musical language even apart from the thought it graces or interprets. This, if it be a defect—and at least it may easily become one—is yet a defect readily condoned, nay enjoyed, by their fellow-singers, who know themselves to be craftsmen as well as prophets.

But there is something else, too, something more elusive, whereby a poet is recognized to be poetical *par excellence*; to have the gift, the afflatus, in more authentic wise, even though he have less of it than others. For in some poets it is mixed with the rhetorician's gift, as in Pope, or Byron, or even in Scott. And in others it is mixed with the philosopher's gift, as in Browning, and (disastrously enough at times) in Wordsworth and Tennyson. But there are others who were born poets, and born naught else than poets; compounded solely of the Child and the Seraph. Of these Richard Crashaw is a clear

instance. Eminently is he a poet's poet. Over and above his unabashed delight in his craft, in the ordering of sounding words, in the preparation of ambushed conceits, he is conspicuous for simplicity and for daring; whereof the one discountenances, and the other does but puzzle the unpoetic.

For to Crashaw, his due and high place in the hierarchy of English song has not yet, save by his fellow-prelates, been accorded. The commonest complaint is of his "conceits." But is a writer to be denied a claim to poetic power because he once called Mary Magdalen's eyes

Portable and compendious oceans;

and not unfrequently, it is true, amused himself with overforced turns of expression not in the fashion of to-day? Is the recognition of this to blind us to the white-hot glow of poetry in his Nativity Ode, or in the poems on our Lady and St. Teresa? Does the explanation lie entirely, as no doubt it does partly, in the fact that Crashaw was a Catholic, and that his best work is instinct with Catholic feeling? One is loath to think so; but we shall have to return to this matter presently.

Poets, we have said, give Crashaw his due. We may instance Cowley, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and Mrs. Browning. Coleridge acknowledges his indebtedness while writing *Christabel*; and indeed, Crashaw's influence upon subsequent writers has probably been far more considerable than is yet acknowledged. That this should be more notably true in the case of Catholic poets is not surprising. To such Crashaw must always be especially dear. After the rather monotonous sweetness of religious verse in pre-Reformation times, after the puritan quaintness of Quarles, the sober piety of Herbert, and the quiet charm of Henry Vaughan, to come suddenly upon a writer with whom the things of faith are an adequate motive for poetry which is fiery, joyous, buoyant—that is a glad surprise not speedily forgotten.

To exemplify what we mean, we may take a single line from the *Answer for Hope*—Hope that walks so timidly, with downcast and tearful eyes, through Vaughan's pleasant and shady bowers of song. To Crashaw she is a Princess:

Queen Regent in young Love's minority,

a line which of itself might make its author famous. And, indeed, the whole poem from which it is taken, though not his

best, is very characteristic of his genius. In cunning felicities of thought and phrase, thick though they crowd here, he is outdone by Cowley in the poem to which this is a reply: but for ardour, for spontaneity, for sudden triumphant interpretations like that of the line we quote, he leaves him far behind.

If Crashaw's cleverness, his winsome *jeux d'esprit*, have perhaps had their effect upon Father Tabb's exquisite work; if it is his pregnant simplicities that we trace in Coventry Patmore; it was chiefly the last quality we have attributed to him—the happy daring of his style—which must have delighted Francis Thompson. A thing most difficult to imitate, this poet has so imitated as to make entirely his own, and therein even to surpass his master:

So still the ruler by the ruled takes rule,
And wisdom weaves itself i' the loom o' the fool.
The splendent sun no splendour can display,
Till on gross things he dash his broken ray,
From cloud and tree and flower re-tossed in prismy spray.¹

There, transmuted by a new individuality, is Crashaw's own manner:

Hail, Most High, most humble One!
Above the world, below Thy Son;
Whose blush the moon beauteously mars,
And stains the timorous light of stars.
He that made all things had not done
Till He had made Himself Thy Son.

This kinship, honourable to both the poets who share it, might be traced through all the more prominent qualities we have assigned to the elder's genius. Take Crashaw, for instance, when he is quite simple, when the Child for the nonce is more in evidence than the Seraph:

No, no! your King's not yet to seek
Where to repose His royal head;
See, see, how soon His new-bloom'd cheek
'Twixt's mother's breasts is gone to bed.
Sweet choice, said we! no way but so
Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow. . . .

And compare the closing lines with these from Thompson. He is speaking to a child whom he will not sadden with his own grief.

I will not feed my unpastured heart
On thee, green pleasaunce as thou art,
To lessen by one flower thy happy daisies white.²

¹ *Sister Songs*, p. 40.

² *Ibid.* p. 48.

We choose the best examples that occur to us, but it is, of course, not so much in single quotations as in the general impression produced by the whole of their works that the relationship of two poets is perceived. Thus there is one characteristic of Crashaw—a swiftness, an instant eagerness—which it would not be easy to parallel by any one passage from Thompson, though it is felt constantly in the movement of his verse. Take the close of the former's second ode to St. Teresa :

O thou undaunted daughter of desires !
 By all thy dower of lights and fires ;
 By all the eagle in thee, all the dove ;
 By all thy lives and deaths of love ;
 By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
 And by thy thirsts of love more large than they ;
 By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire,
 By that last morning's draught of liquid fire ;
 By the full kingdom of that final kiss
 That seized thy parting soul and seal'd thee His. . . .

This we might perhaps compare with the opening lines of Thompson's *Corymbus for Autumn*, where swiftness is checked by the ornateness of the phrasing :

Hearken my chant, 'tis
 As a Bacchante's,
 A grape-spurt, a vine-splash, a tossed-tress, flown vaunt 'tis !
 Suffer my singing,
 Gipsy of Seasons, ere thou go winging ;
 Ere Winter throws
 His slaking snows
 In thy feasting flagon's impurpate glows !¹

We have mentioned ornateness. It is a constant quality of Francis Thompson's work, and one that has been somewhat harshly dealt with by the critics. We shall speak of it in a moment in a different connection. In the meanwhile, lest it should be thought that he could not have learned magniloquence from Crashaw, let us quote the beginning of the latter's first Teresian ode :

Love, thou art absolute sole lord
 Of life and death. To prove the word
 We'll now appeal to none of all
 Those thy old soldiers, great and tall,
 Ripe men of martyrdom, that could reach down,
 With strong arms their triumphant crown ;
 Such as could with lusty breath,
 Speak loud into the face of Death
 Their great Lord's glorious name.

¹ *Poems*, p. 41.

Or the ringing lines from *Music's Duel*:

rousing all,
Hoarse, shrill, at once; as when the trumpets call
Hot Mars to the harvest of death's field, and woo
Men's hearts into their hands.

Striking and interesting as are the likenesses between the two poets, the contrasts are yet more obvious, and perhaps more important. Crashaw's spirit is all white fire. Thompson's is a smokier flame, as of a bonfire by night when the smoke-wreaths themselves are splendid, lit by the glare below. In Thompson you often cannot see the wood for the trees. You cannot at once grasp his meaning for the multitude of the words, the complexity of the metaphors, that embody it. In Crashaw you may, at a first reading, scarce note the words for the swiftness and surprise of the thought. Yet this does not mean that Thompson is all sound and fury; that he did not think. He is all compact of thought. In this point he is unsurpassed by any modern poet. It is one of his most salient characteristics; that perhaps which most certainly assures his immortality. Still, it is a fact that when Crashaw is magniloquent we feel that the splendour of his thought has carried him almost unaware into splendour of phrase, while of Thompson we are sometimes tempted to wonder, mistakenly I believe, whether the beauty of his thought is not mainly the beauty of its setting. I say mistakenly, because a thought need not be less fine because it is finely elaborated; and Thompson loves to elaborate his thought. Crashaw will strike out happy imaginings at a blow, and the blows will fall thick and fast. Thompson takes a single idea and develops this—it may be for a page and a half—with exquisite subtlety of phrase, with unfaltering music, and with an endless profusion of metaphor, allusion, and simile. Such a passage, too, will be full, so to speak, of cross-references. In many of his poems there is hardly a sentence which does not connote or allude to, some thought, some phrase, preceding it, the force of which must have been grasped and remembered if the later clauses are not to seem almost meaningless. This intricacy of structure, though it makes its demands upon the reader, is one of Thompson's most characteristic charms; yet it has given occasion to some critics to charge him with obscurity. There is no obscurity in his first two volumes, and that of the *New Poems* is for the most part the obscurity of his subject-matter rather than its

6 *Francis Thompson and Richard Crashaw.*

presentment. In the work of a poet whose chief theme, and constant preoccupation, is the marvel of God's ways with men, we cannot be surprised if all that he says does not lie open to the light of common day. He sings, as he says himself:

such a song as hath within
A smouldering core of mystery,
Brimmed with nimbler meanings up
Than hasty Gideons in their hands may sup.¹

Crashaw, too, has his obscurities, but they are less frequent, and for the most part verbal. This is natural; for though his theme, also, is a high one, he essayed less Icarian flights than did the younger poet. Moreover he is less metaphorical. Metaphors he uses, indeed, but they are comparatively simple and few. Thompson's verse is all wrought of metaphors—piled together, involved, tangled one within the other: oftenest knit up in a single word or brief phrase; sometimes expanded into the more developed simile; now and again implied in the very argument of a whole poem: yet nearly always to the point; nearly always illuminating, sometimes transfiguring, the thought. To achieve this his end he ransacks heaven and earth, all mythology and all theology, for comparisons. No pair of entities are so widely disparate but he can weld them together in a verse.

Who girt dissolvèd lightnings in the grape?

he asks of the sun. Serenely does he make the lesser contain the greater; and when arraigned for his expression, "the heart's burning floors," protests:

O nothing, in this corporal earth of man,
That to the imminent heaven of his high soul
Responds with colour and with shadow, can
Lack correlated greatness . . .
All's vast that vastness means. Nay, I affirm
Nature is whole in her least things exprest.²

Even what is most sacred he does not fear to illustrate by what is profane. Thus in the poem from which we have just quoted he says of the heart's void:

The world from star to sea cast down its brink—
Yet shall that chasm, till He who did these build,
An awful Curtius make Him, yawn unfilled.

¹ "Orient Ode," *New Poems*, p. 32.

² "The Heart," *New Poems*, p. 191.

And conversely, too, as when he cries to Spring :

O . . . never done
 Ungaped-at Pentecostal miracle,
 We hear thee, each man in his proper tongue !¹

The latest guesses of science, also, subserve his poetic purposes. Here, for example, is the use he makes of the theory that would account for the dark lines in the solar spectrum :

The very loves that belt thee must prevent
 My love, I know, with their legitimacy :
 As the metallic vapours, that are swept
 Athwart the sun, in his light intercept
 The very hues
 Which *their* confluent elements effuse.²

Frequently he illustrates one metaphor (or simile) by another, and that by a third :

So—in the inextinguishable wars
 Which roll song's Orient on the sullen night
 Whose ragged banners in their own despite
 Take on the tinges of the hated light,—
 So Sultan Phoebus has his Janizars.³

It is possible that this employment of metaphor is sometimes carried to excess, to a point at which the thought is obscured or weakened by being reflected from so many mirrors ; or that it is not unfrequently indulged in for its own sake, and merely as an excuse for a flamboyant display of language, as where, in the second of the *Sister Songs*, wishing to say, " Both at morning and at evening," the poet does it thus :

With lucent feet imbued,
 If young Day tread, a glorious vintager,
 The wine-press of the purple-foamed east ;
 Or round the nodding sun, flush-faced and sunken,
 His wild bacchantes drunken
 Reel, with rent woofs a-flaunt, their westering rout.⁴

Yet he would be something of a Puritan among critics who should feel it his duty to be very severe with such flamboyance, if we must call it so, as this. Mr. Chesterton, at any rate, would

¹ "From the Night of Forebeing," *New Poems*, p. 41.

² *Sister Songs*, p. 50.

³ *Ibid.* p. 30.

⁴ P. 59.

agree that in the present age we cannot afford to be over-critical of exuberance.

Other faults his work has which are perhaps to be less readily condoned. We have mentioned the daring of his style, and daring will at times over-reach itself. Now and again we meet with a metaphor that is too strained, jars, and rings false. But not often. Crashaw is a far greater sinner in this respect. Thompson is impatient sometimes even of grammar. If its laws threaten to spoil the studied and swelling movement of a strophe he will ignore them and pass on. Still less excusable is his use of words only possible to the eye, such as "used'st." With his frequent neologisms we have no wish to quarrel. Why should we not have new words, so they be musical and their meaning transpicuous? Can we, indeed, have too many? And why should we once have been allowed to borrow from the Latin, and now be forbidden? Surely "gelid," for instance, is an excellent word, and any school-boy must know what it means. Many of these new coinings are merely usual words modified so as to give them a clangorous ending.

Much, indeed, as we have implied, is subservient in Thompson to music. And what music is his; at once stately and wild, and of such astonishing variety. Mr. Swinburne is famous for the melody of his verse; but is he not—is not even that skylark Shelley—a little monotonous in his sweetness? Tennyson himself, whose one really great quality was his power of making language musical, is outstripped in this respect by Thompson, and, in fact, as regards *variety* of music, is left far behind. If any reader should doubt this, let him read first one of the great odes, like that to the Setting Sun, and from this turn at once to the *Mistress of Vision*, and then to the three little poems printed consecutively in the latest volume: *July Fugitive*, *To a Snowflake*, and *Nocturn*. Let him read next *Daisy*, and *The Making of Viola*, in the *Poems*; and end, for very austerity of music, with *The Cloud's Swan-song*. After this he may deny many qualities to Francis Thompson's genius, but he will hardly deny that he is a very wizard of musical speech.

But it is time to turn from form to matter, and to say something of Crashaw and of Francis Thompson as religious poets. Each of them was intensely Catholic-minded. Each had a soul so *naturaliter Christiana*, so exigent of the great truths of Revelation, as to make faith seem one with poetic

insight. Crashaw, in a happier age, had not heard tell of the materialist. To Thompson he is an object of scorn, and yet an unwilling witness to what he would deny :

Science, old noser in its prideful straw.

The eyeless worm, that boring works the soil,
Making it capable for the crops of God.¹

Both poets were mystics. That is a word which it is now-a-days highly necessary to define before going further. It will be enough for our present purpose to say that by a mystic we understand one who finds no difficulty in recognizing a profound analogy between the love of God for man, and that of a bridegroom for his bride ; and, secondly, perceives, with an intense intellectual delight, something at least of the *unity*, something of the wonderful interdependence of the dogmas of the Catholic Church. Such a definition may not satisfy all the legitimate uses of the word, but at least let it stand as postulate to what we wish to say.

If this be granted, it is chiefly the first element of mysticism (included though no doubt it be in the second) which is apparent in Crashaw's work, and has made his poetry such a source of inspiration to Patmore and to Thompson, and such a stumbling-block to most of his critics. Thus Mr. Gosse, who may stand as representative for many others, writes :

He has a morbid, almost hysterical passion about him even when his ardour is most exquisitely expressed, and his adoring addresses to the saints have an effeminate falsetto that makes them almost repulsive. In his latest sacred poems, the *Carmen Deo nostro*, sudden and eminent beauties are not wanting, *but* the mysticism has become more pronounced, &c.

It is the Teresian poems, clearly, that give most offence. Crashaw does not adore the saints, but he shows them to us adoring God with an intensity of affection that must needs to certain prejudices sound "falsetto." One does not wish to be polemical in such a paper as this, but is it not a fact that the average Protestant simply does not believe that any saint has ever loved God with a love only not comparable to pure human passion because so greatly transcending this in the force of its burning tenderness? If by hypothesis possible would it not still strike him as unfitting, and unseemly?

¹ "An Anthem of Earth," *New Poems*, p. 141.

Francis Thompson was a yet profounder mystic than Crashaw; but, "in an age of faith grown frore," he was at greater pains to preserve the discipline of the arcanum, and to shroud things of awful holiness in the obscurity of metaphor and parable. This is especially so in the poems addressed to the sun,

the incarnated Light
Whose Sire is aboriginal and beyond.

Crashaw had shown the way in his ode, *In the Glorious Epiphany of our Lord God*, where, speaking of the sun to the Divine Child, he says:

His best ambition now is but to be
Something a brighter shadow, Sweet, of Thee.
Or on Heaven's azure forehead high to stand
Thy golden index; with a duteous hand
Pointing us home to our own sun,
The world's and his Hyperion.

—lines which could well stand for inscription to much of Thompson's finest verse.

But the parable is older than Crashaw:

The Heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of His hands. Day to day uttereth speech and night to night showeth knowledge. . . . He hath set His tabernacle in the sun: and he, as a bridegroom coming out of his bride chamber, hath rejoiced as a giant to run the way: his going out is from the end of Heaven, and his circuit even to the end thereof: and there is no one that can hide himself from his heat.

In more than one magnificent descant upon these words of the Psalmist does Thompson show how the sun is to his "spousal universe . . . husband, she thy Wife and Church." The planets, too, "lashed with terror, leashed with longing," have their place in the allegory; and from the moon is the lesson darkly learned that the mystery of man's love for woman gives insight into the deeper mystery of God's love for him and for her alike.

All things, to Thompson's vision,

Hiddenly
To each other linkèd are
That thou canst not stir a flower
Without troubling of a star.¹

¹ "The Mistress of Vision," *New Poems*, p. 12.

Again, of the human body, he says :

Lo, God's two worlds immense
Of spirit and of sense,
Wed
In this narrow bed.¹

—and every being in either of these worlds speaks to him the same apocalyptic language ; is sacrament and symbol of the ultimate truths of faith.

This clarity of vision, this depth of religious insight, while common to Thompson and Crashaw, had a very diverse effect upon the spirit of each. To Crashaw it brought apparently only joy, the "innocent and unloathful" delight of a child. *His* singing robes were not "piled with bloodied hairs, like hairs of steel," and his chaplet flowers hid no thorns. With Thompson it was very different. Joy he had in his visions, but with joy awe too, and dread, and even anguish. He knew, as Patmore had known, what it is to have something of a saint's clearness of perception into things divine, without the saint's tenacity of purpose to achieve.

Ah ! for a heart less native to high Heaven,
A hooded eye, for jesses and restraint,
Or for a will accipitrine to pursue !²

He felt, too, the bitterness of that isolation which is part of the penalty the seer must pay for the faculty of seeing what is dark to other men.

Even my friends say : "Of what is this he sings ?"
And barren is my song, and barren is my heart.³

We have lately been told, with great plainness, the story of his life's tragedy. It is reflected in his poetry. But still more clearly is reflected there the firmness of a mind able, if only in some last stronghold, to withstand fate. With enduring patience, and with a courage that has no counterpart on battle-fields, he stood true to his visions ; and more than once, in words that ring like Job's, he avows his unfaltering certainty of their fulfilment. The very bitterness of his trials only strengthens his assurance. He finds freedom in bonds, purification in pain, fulfilment in renunciation, and the infinite ever in the most circumscribed.

¹ "Any Saint," *New Poems*, p. 62.

² "The Dread of Height," *New Poems*, p. 25.

³ "The Cloud's Swan Song," *New Poems*, p. 160.

It is in the poem entitled *From the Night of Forebeing*, that this side of Francis Thompson's attitude towards life finds fullest expression. There is another aspect of his nature, more fundamental perhaps, and best seen in the second of the *Sister Songs*—a volume which, unaccountably enough, seems to be made light of by some critics. It is the most purely poetical portion of his work. Herein, we have glimpses of the man himself—a man with the heart of a child. Francis Thompson's poems to, and about, children are things which Crashaw could not have done at all; and they should be enough, with their exquisite delicacy, their ethereal passion (it is no lighter emotion) to assure him lasting fame had he written nothing else.

A recent reviewer of his work and life has said of him that he treated children as equals. It is true, and he could do so naturally, for he was in fact their equal. We can give him no better, no more delicate praise. Let us pray for his soul.

Giver of spring
And song, and every new young thing!
Thou only see'st in me, so stripped and bare,
The lyric secret waiting to be born,
The patient term allowed
Before it stretch and flutteringly unfold
Its rumpled webs of amethyst-freaked diaphanous gold.¹

Let us pray for him that the "patient term" yet allotted to this sore-tried spirit be shortened, and that speedily he may have leave to range not only "the nurseries of heaven."

GEOFFREY BLISS.

¹ "From the Night of Forebeing," *New Poems*, p. 51.

Stipends for Masses.

SOME short time ago an English religious journal of the ultra-Protestant type informed its readers that in consequence of the separation of Church and State in France the price of Masses was rapidly going up, and that pious French Catholics were in despair at the thought that their dead relations would now have to work out their full sentence in Purgatory, seeing that the usual ticket-of-leave had become so ruinously expensive. I have not the reference by me, and I cannot be sure of the exact words, but this was the drift of the paragraph in question. Whether it was founded upon any echo of what is, I understand, a fact, that the approved stipend for Masses has lately been raised in several French dioceses, or whether it was pure facetiousness of the kind dear to *The Rock* and its congeners, need not concern us here. The utterance may, in any case, serve as a peg upon which to hang a little discussion of the question of offerings for Masses. It is a subject upon which those within, as well as those without the Church, not unfrequently find a difficulty, and this must be my excuse for the following simple statement of a few principles and a few historical facts, none of which can make any pretence to novelty in themselves.

The difficulty just referred to generally takes one or more of these three forms. People feel shocked :

(1) That there should be, or appear to be, any recognition of a money equivalent for the offering of the Holy Sacrifice.

(2) That there should exist considerable diversity of usage regarding the stipend expected—so much so, that the honorarium paid for a single Mass in England or America would, in certain foreign countries, suffice to secure the offering of three or four Masses.

(3) That however low the stipend, the poor are always enormously at a disadvantage as compared with the wealthy, in other words, that it costs a rich man less of self-sacrifice

to have a thousand Masses said for himself and his friends than it does a poor man to have the Holy Sacrifice offered but once.

I will try in the following pages to say a few words upon each of these objections in order.

With regard to the first issue, the admissibility of any money payment for Masses, it will probably be allowed by fair-minded people that this is after all only a particular application of a much more general principle. Whether a salary should be paid to a chaplain for his services during a twelvemonth, or whether the performance of some special function should be remunerated by its own special fee is really a matter of convenience and sentiment. We need not urge that sentiment should go for nothing in such a question, but I maintain that sentiment should itself be guided, and in fact usually is guided, by the voice of authority and the practice of high-minded Catholics. However the matter be arranged, it is impossible to avoid some appearance of remuneration and exchange, even though every means be taken to make it clear that the money is not the price of the spiritual service. The natural delicacy which is often felt about such transactions is not at once to be interpreted as the accusing voice of conscience in revolt against flagrant simony. Even in civil life a similar awkwardness is perceptible. We must all recognize the artificiality of the conventions which obtain regarding a barrister's fees, neither does the considerate patient require his physician to hold out an expectant palm until there be counted into it the requisite number of sovereigns and shillings. A different code prevails in the consulting-room from that which obtains at the railway booking-office or the shop counter. From all which I am inclined to infer that the repugnance which may sometimes be felt to the *stipendium manuale* in the matter of Masses or sacraments is due quite as much to the artificiality of modern life as to any deep spiritual instinct.

On the other hand with regard to the question of principle, the lawfulness of some exchange of temporal support against spiritual service has been upheld from the very beginning of Christianity. It was our Saviour Himself who proclaimed during His public life, *Dignus est operarius cibo suo*—"The labourer is worthy of his meat,"¹ and if He also laid upon His Apostles the command, *Gratis accepistis, gratis date*,—"Freely have ye received, freely give," it seems clear from the later action of these same Apostles that they understood this only as a

¹ St. Matt. x. 16.

special counsel of disinterestedness which was temporary in its nature and not to be regarded as an universal law. St. Paul's teaching at any rate is most explicit :

Who serveth as a soldier at any time at his own charges? Who planteth a vineyard and eateth not of the fruit thereof? Who feedeth a flock and eateth not of the milk of the flock. . . . If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it great matter if we reap your carnal things? ¹

It is true that St. Paul waives the right in his own case, and prefers to live by the labour of his hands,² but he is at pains at the same time to point out to the Thessalonians that this is a pure concession on his part in order that he might "give himself as a pattern" for those sluggards to imitate who were too ready to live on the alms of others. In the case of the Philippians, where the same motive did not exist, St. Paul accepts their offerings, and in his Epistle to Timothy he goes so far as to approve the principle of some gradation in the offerings of the faithful proportioned to the dignity or merit of the pastor, whose needs they supply :

Let the priests who rule well be esteemed worthy of double honour [the context shows that it is their temporal support which is here in question], especially they who labour in the word and doctrine. For the Scripture saith "thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn" and "the labourer is worthy of his hire." ³

That the early Christians fully understood, and zealously put in practice, this duty of contributing to the support of their pastors, seems to be clearly shown not only by that community of goods (produce and revenues of all kinds being brought to the Apostles themselves) which we read of in the Acts, but also by such early documents as the *Didache* and the Epistle of Barnabas. In the *Didache* more particularly we read :

But every true prophet desiring to settle among you is worthy of his food ; in like manner a true teacher is also worthy, like the workman, of his food.

And the writer goes on to particularize how the first-fruits should be given "of the wine-vat and the threshing floor, of oxen and of sheep," giving expression therein to well-recognized traditions which, if partly of Jewish origin, had nevertheless

¹ 1 Cor. ix. 8-11.

² 2 Thessal. iii. 6.

³ 1 Timothy v. 17, 18.

been explicitly accepted by the earliest Christian teachers. The Fathers of the fourth century echo the same strain, and St. Augustine in particular often returns to the subject. For example :

As for the means of livelihood, it is necessary to receive, just as it is a charity to give ; not as though the Gospel were sold for money, and the price paid were the sustenance of those who preach it. Surely if they do so sell it, they sell a great matter for a small fee. But let them receive the relief of their necessities from the people, and for the reward of their ministrations let them look to God.¹

It would seem that the maxim *clerici de altario vivant* ("let the clergy live by the altar") was already received before the end of the fourth century as a principle of ecclesiastical law. We shall hardly be wrong if we see a certain significance in the fact that although no money honorarium was then associated with the offering of the Holy Sacrifice, still it is the altar which is put forward as the foundation of their claim. Also the burthen seems to have been recognized as one of universal application not limited to the wealthy. St. Jerome, who, though he had divested himself of his worldly goods to live as a hermit, was not then a priest, writes in such terms as these :

The clergy indeed live by the altar. But for myself I should feel that like an unfruitful tree the axe is already laid to the root, if I bring not my gift to the altar. I cannot plead poverty in excuse since our Lord in the gospel commended the aged widow who dropped into the treasury of the temple the only two mites which remained to her.²

It must be remembered in regard to this phrase, "living by the altar" that in St. Jerome's time and for many centuries afterwards very substantial offerings, more particularly of bread and wine, were made by the faithful both before, and in the course of, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. How far these offerings may have been associated with the primitive institution known as *agapæ* or love feasts, is a matter of dispute.³ The solution does not much concern us here. What is certain is that in the early Church the faithful brought offerings of bread

¹ St. Augustine, *Sermo De Pastoribus* (in Ezech. c. 34), cap. ii. ; Migne, *P.L.* vol. xxxviii. p. 273.

² St. Jerome, Ep. xiv.—Migne, *P.L.* vol. xxii. p. 352.

³ See, for example, Dom Leclercq in the *Dictionnaire d'Archéologie* ; Batiffol, *Etudes d'Histoire*, etc., Paris, 1902, pp. 279-311 ; and Funk's comments thereupon in the *Revue d'Histoire Ecclésiastique*, 1903, pp. 12 ff.

and wine much in excess of what was actually needed for the Sacrifice, even when all who assisted communicated in both kinds. According to the Apostolic Canons ears of corn and grapes were also brought to the altar, but all other forms of produce were taken to the residence wherein the Bishop and his clergy lived a sort of community life.¹ To discuss at all adequately the nature of these offerings, and the manner in which they were disposed of, would require much space, for our testimonies are by no means in complete accord. Practice evidently varied considerably in different places and at different periods. Certain facts, however, stand out prominently, and are admitted by all students of early history. For example, in the earlier centuries it was undoubtedly accepted as a principle that all who communicated should also contribute to the offertory. Those who for any reason neglected to offer were considered to have been guilty of a meanness which was an occasion of scandal to the faithful at large. St. Cyprian, St. Cæsarius of Arles, and other Fathers speak strongly on this subject.² This usage, according to which the faithful contributed bread and wine in considerable quantities, far, of course, exceeding the needs of the actual Sacrifice, was maintained for several hundred years. The *Ordines Romani* of the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries supply minute instructions for taking up these offerings of loaves in cloths of white linen, and laying them either upon the altar, or upon a special table beside it which was set apart to receive them, and similarly give directions for pouring into a great *amphora*, or flagon, the contributions of wine which the faithful brought in their smaller cruets. In illustration of this, we may note in passing an alleged miracle, recorded first in an English document of the eighth century,³ and attributed to the ardent faith of Pope St. Gregory the Great. When celebrating the Holy Mysteries on one occasion, a woman presented a loaf in

¹ See Funk, *Didascalia et Constitutiones Apostolorum*, vol. i. p. 564. Oil for the lamp, and incense might be offered during Mass.

² See, for example, St. Cyprian's *De Opera et Eleemosynis*, cap. 15, when, addressing a rich widow, he says: "Locuples et dives dominicum celebrare te credis quæ corban omnino non respicis, quæ in dominicum sine sacrificio venis, quæ partem de sacrificio quod pauper obtulit sumis?" (Hartel, i. p. 384). But the practice of limiting the oblation to those only who communicated soon ceased. See the Council of Macon (585), canon 4, where it is enjoined that all men and women should bring an oblation to the altar on every Sunday. And cf. Thalhoffer, *Liturgik*, vol. ii. pp. 149—153.

³ The *Vita Antiquissima S. Gregorii*, edited a few years back by Abbot Gasquet from the St. Gall MS., 567. See THE MONTH, October, 1904.

the usual way at the Offertory. When the time had come for the Communion, and St. Gregory was distributing the Consecrated Bread to the faithful, saying to each almost as the priest does now, "May the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve thy soul,"¹ he noticed a woman who, when about to receive her portion, laughed irreverently. The Saint withheld the morsel proffered, bade It be laid upon the altar, and taking a convenient moment afterwards, summoned the scoffer, and asked her the cause of her mirth. "To think," she said, "that you should call that the Body of Christ, which I myself this morning baked with my own hands." St. Gregory, we are told, bade his people kneel and pray in common accord that Almighty God, by some prodigy, might vindicate the reality of these Holy Mysteries. When the prayer was concluded, he took up from the altar the portion of the Sacred Bread which had been placed there, and lo! on showing It to the woman and the people, It was found to be in the likeness of human flesh dripping with blood. The woman deplored her sinful doubt, and when once again prayer had been made by all the assembly, the morsel was found to have returned to the appearance of bread, and was received by her in Holy Communion, now full of faith.²

Of the large offerings of bread and of wine which were presented by the people at the public Masses of the early centuries, a certain portion was used in the Holy Sacrifice, a certain portion was blessed and distributed as *eulogiae* to those who did not communicate (I am of course speaking now of the times when Communion had ceased to be universal), but by far the greater part was regarded as given to the Church, and was reserved for the needs of the clergy and of the poor. Already in the so-called "Canons of the Apostles" (a sort of Appendix to the "Apostolical Constitutions," and consequently a document of the fourth century), it is laid down in regard of these gifts offered at the altar "that the Bishop and the priests must assign their proper share to the deacons and the inferior clergy." This no doubt was the arrangement followed so long as some sort of community life was observed by all the ecclesiastical order, but in course of time the dominion of such offerings was no longer regarded as vested in the Bishop, but they

¹ "*Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi conservet animam tuam.*" See Gasquet, *ibid.* p. 24.

² Another early document which bears witness to the practice of offering before Communion is the *Life of St. Melania the Younger*, recently edited by Cardinal Rampolla. See his *Santa Melania Giuniore*, pp. 261—262.

remained in the hands of the local clergy, a certain contribution being set aside as an episcopal due.¹ An incident which must be of earlier date than 558 is recorded by St. Gregory of Tours, and throws some light upon the character and destination of the gifts made at the Offertory.

It is said [wrote Gregory] that there were two people in this city (Lyons), to wit, a man and his wife, both of them of senatorial rank, who dying without children, left their property to the Church. The man died first and was buried in the basilica of St. Mary. The wife for a whole year, taking up her abode near the church, devoted herself assiduously to prayer, celebrating daily the Sacrifice of the Mass,² and making an offering in memory of her husband. Hence, relying upon the mercy of our Lord, that the dead man would experience relief (*requiem*) on the day that she had presented an offering for his soul, she always brought a gallon (*sextarium*) of the wine of Gaza³ to the sanctuary of the holy basilica. But an unprincipled subdeacon, reserving the wine of Gaza for his own gluttony, put some exceedingly sour vinegar into the chalice in its stead, since the woman did not always herself come up for Communion. Now when it pleased God to bring this trickery to light, the husband appeared to the wife saying, "Alas! alas! my dear wife, what has all my hard work in the world come to, that I should now supply vinegar for the offering?" To whom she answered: "In good sooth, husband, I have never forgotten the lesson of thy charity, but every day for the repose of thy soul I have offered the strongest wine of Gaza in the sanctuary of my God." However, when she awoke, wondering at this vision and not allowing herself to forget it, she rose as she was accustomed to do to attend Matins. When these were over and Mass had been said, she came up to receive the lifegiving Cup, and thereupon she drank from the chalice a draught of vinegar so acid that she thought her teeth would have been wrenched out of her head if she had imbibed the draught slowly. In this way the subdeacon was rebuked and his scandalous trickery was put a stop to.⁴

The story is interesting, because it shows pretty clearly what indeed we know otherwise, that the wine used for the

¹ See Hauck, *Kirchengeschichte Deutschlands*, 3rd. Ed., vol. i. pp. 141 ff; 224 ff, who gives many references. Cf. Geier, *De Missarum Stipendiis*, p. 18, and in particular the first Council of Orange (511), canons 14 and 15; and the Synod of Mainz (847) canon 10.

² "Celebrans cotidie missarum solemniam." A note in the edition of Arndt and Krusch says without further reference or discussion that "even a layman may be said *celebrare missam* if only he be present at the Mass." It seems much more natural to take *celebrans* as a causal—"getting Masses said."

³ It is plain from other references of the same period that the wine of Gaza in Palestine was greatly esteemed.

⁴ Gregory of Tours, *In gloria Confessorum*, cap. 64; "Monumenta Germaniæ," SS. Merovingici, i. p. 786.

Communion of the laity was consecrated in a separate chalice from that used by the priest, but what more particularly concerns us here, we may discern the beginnings of the practice of making special offerings that the Mass may be celebrated for a private intention. This, as all admit, was a custom which gradually established itself in the early Middle Ages. Mabillon is inclined to assign its introduction to the eighth century, but a good many suggestive examples of the same kind have been quoted by Binterim¹ and others from an earlier date. It is difficult, for example, to give any other interpretation to the story told by St. Epiphanius of a certain convert patriarch, who brought a sum of gold, and putting it into the Bishop's hands, said to him, "Offer for me,"² more especially when we have regard to the technical character of the word (*πρόσφερε*), which we translate by offer. So far as we can trace the history, the payment of a sum of money in lieu of the bread, wine, wax, oil, milk, or the fruits of the earth of which the offerings originally consisted, only developed slowly. Not improbably, the change began in connection with the Masses for the dead; for in these, as there was commonly no Communion of the faithful, the offering of bread and wine seems not to have been made in some localities, and we find indications already in St. Augustine's time of a tendency to substitute a payment of coin, a substitution which does not seem altogether to have met the Saint's approval.³ The general introduction of an alms in money cannot safely be assigned to an earlier date than the tenth or eleventh century, for even the passages in the Rule of Chrodegang or Walafrid Strabo,⁴ which are generally appealed to, do not speak explicitly of coin. On the other hand, it is certain that from a very early date the claim of benefactors to a special share in the fruits of the Mass was quite clearly recognized. In the primitive Roman liturgy, they were twice commemorated, once in general, and once by the explicit mention of their names, and this usage was perpetuated by the diptychs in which the names of benefactors were written down either to be read aloud from the pulpit, or at least to be laid upon the table of the altar during

¹ Binterim, *Denkwürdigkeiten*, vol. iv. part 3.

² Epiphanius, *Hæreses*, 30, n. 6.

³ St. Augustine, *Ep.* 22, *Ad Aurelium*, § 6; *Vienna Corpus Scriptorum*, vol. xxxiv. pp. 58, 59.

⁴ Walafrid Strabo, *De Rebus Ecclesiasticis*, cap. xxii. Migne, *P. L.*, vol. cxiv, p. 948.

the Holy Sacrifice. It was natural to pass from these principles to the full recognition of the system of foundations for Masses, or chantries, as they were called at a later date. Even in Merovingian times, as Mabillon has shown, estates were given or bequeathed to provide maintenance for a body of Religious or priests whose principal duty was to sing (*i.e.*, chant the Office and offer Mass) for the souls of their benefactors. In the beginning, such foundations were generally vested in a community, and no very precise conditions were prescribed as to the number of Masses to be said, or the solemnities with which they were to be accompanied. Later it became common to endow a particular chapel or altar with a revenue sufficient to support a single priest, who in return for these emoluments was required to celebrate Mass frequently or even daily at this particular altar. Concurrently with this there grew up the practice of the "Mass-penny," an offering which about the twelfth and thirteenth centuries almost entirely replaced the older form of oblation in bread and wine. This offering of the Mass-penny seems to have been represented as voluntary,¹ but those who contributed in this way clearly regarded themselves as having a special share in the fruits of the Mass. We need not hesitate to admit that the custom led in some exceptional cases to abuses of a serious kind,² and that the whole practice was hotly attacked by the Lollards. For example that fierce satire upon the Friars which passed under the name of *Jacke Upland*, puts such a question as the following :

Freer, when thou receivest a penie
for to say a masse,
Prithee sellest thou God's Bodie for that penie,
or thy praier, or els thy travell [*i.e.*, trouble] ?
If thou saiest thou wolt not travell
for to say the masse but for the penie,
then certes, if this be sooth,
thou lovest too little meed for thy soul.³
And if thou sellest God's Bodie, or thy prayer,⁴
then is it very simonie ;
thou art become a chapman worse than Judas
that sold it for thirtie pence.

¹ "Offer or leve whether thee list," *i.e.*, make an offering or leave it alone, whichever you please. (*Lay Folks' Mass-Book*.)

² See Giraldus Cambrensis, *Gemma Ecclesiastica*, p. 281 ff, and Peter Chanter's *Verbum Abbreviatum*.

³ *I.e.*, thou lovest heavenly rewards ("meed for thy soul") too little.

⁴ Wright, *Political Poems and Songs* (Rolls Series), II. p. 23, extract slightly modernized.

This passage may help to bring us back to the main question, from which our historical review of the subject has in some measure distracted us. Clearly, from the very beginning, the Church has vindicated the principle that the acceptance of temporal offerings to secure a decent maintenance for the priest and in this way to enable him to devote himself more freely to his priestly work, is no simony, but a lawful adaptation of means to ends, which our Saviour Himself has sanctioned. St. Thomas Aquinas, in the *Summa*, lays down the theological principles of the question with perfect clearness. Under the heading, "Is it always unlawful to give money for the sacraments?" the great Doctor writes as follows:

The Sacraments of the New Law are pre-eminently spiritual things, seeing that they are the cause of spiritual grace. This grace has not a money price, and indeed, it is inconsistent with its essential notion that it should not be given gratuitously.¹ The dispensation, however, of the sacraments takes place through the ministers of the Church, and these last ought to be supported by the people, according to the Apostle's words: "Know you not that they who work in the holy place eat the things that are of the holy place; and they that serve the altar partake with the altar? So also God ordained that they who preach the Gospel should live by the Gospel."² Thus, then, we must say that to take money—and by money is understood everything that has a money price—for the spiritual grace of the sacraments would be the crime of simony, which no custom can excuse, because custom avails not to the prejudice of natural or Divine law. But to take something for the sustenance of those who administer the sacraments of Christ, when it is done according to the ordinance of the Church and approved customs, is not simony or any sin, for it is not taken as a price of merchandise (*pretium mercedis*), but as a contribution to relieve necessity (*stipendium necessitatis*).³

And here St. Thomas appeals to an already quoted passage of St. Augustine.⁴ Moreover, when referring more particularly to the Mass "for saying which certain priests receive a benefice, or money," he observes that, "this money is not accepted as the price of consecrating the Holy Eucharist or of celebrating Mass (for this would be simony), but simply as a contribution (*stipendium*) to the priest's support."⁵

¹ The word *gratia* (grace) is of course etymologically identical with *gratis* (gratuitously).

² 1 Cor. ix. 13, 14.

³ St. Thomas, *Summa Theologica*, 2—2, 100, 2, c. ⁴ *Sermo De Pastoribus*, cap. ii.

⁵ Scherer, *Handbuch des Kirchenrechts*, ii. p. 654, observes that the older and more correct designation for the Mass offerings was *elemosynæ*, or *oblaciones*, adding that *stipendium* is not found in the text of the *Corpus juris*. St. Thomas's preference for the use of the word *stipendium* rather takes the point out of this remark.

The principle being thus established, and it may be added that this principle is sanctioned by the action of every religious body, Christian or pagan, the only question which remains is that as to the suitability of this particular expedient for attaining the end in view. Is it desirable to levy what is practically speaking a tax upon Masses said for private intentions? To this, in the first place, it may be replied that the Church has for long ages past approved the custom, and by constant legislation has kept abuses in check. The very terms in which two General Councils, the fourth of Lateran, and that of Trent, have condemned all greed and all appearance of traffic in exacting offerings for Masses, imply a recognition of the system according to which such offerings are commonly made. The whole matter is fully discussed in the treatise, *De Synodo Diocesana*, of Pope Benedict XIV., and the task of determining the proper stipend is there declared to rest most properly with the Bishop in synod.¹

But, further than this, it is easy to discover a certain appropriateness in attaching such contributions to the saying of Mass for a private intention. Complaint might more easily be made if a fee were required from all who wished to confess their sins, to receive Holy Communion, or to assist at the Holy Sacrifice. These are the ordinary channels of grace, and it would be a hardship indeed if they were inaccessible to the poor except after payment. But the application of Mass to a private intention is in some sense a spiritual luxury. Moreover, the priest who offers the Mass in this way is not only conferring upon an individual a favour to which, apart from the stipend, he has no strict claim in justice, but in most cases the priest, at some trouble to himself, is discharging a function to which he is not otherwise obliged. We have come to think daily Mass so much a part of the life of the Church that it is difficult to realize that there have been long periods in the Church's history when priests who said Mass more than once a week were regarded as exceptionally devout. It was probably during these ages that the custom of making a special offering in money seems first to have established itself. We may assume that it has been continued until our own days because it has been found a fairly simple and convenient form of contribution to the support of the ministers of the altar, and because no sufficient reason

¹ *De Synodo*, Lib. v. cap. 8, § 11.

has presented itself for substituting any other system in its place.

The second objection of which I spoke at the beginning of this article concerns the variations in the amount of the stipend exacted for a Mass in different localities. In England and America this stipend is relatively high. Abroad as a rule it is much lower, and it may readily be conceded that this divergence leads in practice to certain anomalies which when stated in terms analogous to those of secular commerce can easily be made to look ridiculous. And yet a very little reflection will make it apparent that some difference of tariff between one country and another is absolutely inevitable, and once it is admitted that uniformity cannot be attained the question of more or less does not seem to be a matter of very great importance. In the treatise *De Synodo*, referred to above, Pope Benedict XIV. remarks that it was a very wise provision of the Congregation of the Council, which has left it to the Bishop of each diocese to determine the amount of the stipend which should be offered for a Mass, for, he says,

No universal law can be laid down in such a matter, seeing that the alms ought to vary in accordance with the circumstances of different places and periods and more especially according to the abundance or dearth in the supply of the necessities of life.

It is stated by many authors that a standard for determining the proper amount of the stipend is furnished by the sum which is necessary to enable the priest to live decently for one day in his ordinary surroundings. No doubt there are those who argue, and fairly enough, that the Mass occupies but a small proportion of the priest's working-hours, and that consequently to regard the Mass as the equivalent of an entire day's work is excessive. Still even these do not dispute the soundness in principle of adopting the cost of a day's maintenance as the most convenient measure for an estimate. Now if this be conceded, it must at once be apparent that a priest in South Africa, where sixpence is practically the lowest sum for which the most trifling thing can be purchased, may fairly look for a larger alms, when asked to say Mass, than a priest in poverty-stricken Italy, where half a lira can be made to go quite a long way. But there is also something else to be said. In countries where the clergy directly or indirectly are endowed, the stipend for Masses is generally low. The priest can live

otherwise. He does not look to that for his support. Insensibly this creates a certain tariff and a public opinion, and such things once established, changes cannot easily be introduced, even though they be judged in themselves desirable. In this country, priests, as a rule, have no assured source of income. The Bishops, accordingly, have tacitly, if not explicitly, accepted the view already mentioned, according to which a priest may reasonably expect such an offering for his Mass, when applied for a particular private intention, as would decently maintain him for one day. Of course, it may reasonably be argued, that a priest has other sources of income besides this, but then it must also be remembered that there are comparatively few priests who are so beset by requests for Masses that all their free days are occupied.

Further, once the standard is fixed, both Bishops and priests, for very intelligible reasons, prefer that it should be generally adopted throughout the diocese. The principle of competition, say, for example, if the Religious Orders were to seem to be underselling the secular clergy, at once introduces a disedifying suggestion of trafficking in sacred things. Consequently it has been ruled that a Bishop may, if he think fit, require all the priests in his diocese, seculars and regulars alike, to accept no stipend less than the amount which has been determined upon.¹ On the other hand, no one may demand more than this sum for an ordinary Mass,² though what is freely given as a pure alms over and above the normal stipend may be accepted. Again, any kind of trafficking in the *honoraria* for Masses, such as for example would result if a priest accepting an alms for ten Masses given him here in England were to have them said abroad at the rates which obtain in France or Italy, keeping the balance for himself—all such trafficking as this, I say, is forbidden under the very severest penalties. If a priest, after accepting the stipend for a Mass, cannot say it himself, he is bound in passing it on to be celebrated by another priest to transfer to this latter the whole of the stipend which he received. The legislation upon all these subjects during the last four centuries has been very

¹ Of course priests are always free to say Mass gratuitously for whom they wish, and more Masses are said in this way for the poor than would be readily supposed. But naturally a priest has no temptation to advertise his good deeds of this kind.

² I am excluding of course Masses said with solemnity or at a special hour and place, in which cases, owing to the trouble involved, it is a generally accepted principle that a larger stipend should be asked. There is generally some kind of tariff for these things also approved by the Bishop.

comprehensive, and every avenue seems to have been stopped by which serious abuses could enter.¹

Lastly, a few words may be said upon the question of the poor and upon the seemingly unequal conditions under which they find themselves with regard to all these spiritual privileges. I do not think that the existence of this inequality, at any rate so far as such a matter can be judged by what meets the outward eye, is to be disputed. But then does it not also extend to the whole range of spiritual privileges of every kind? It is as a rule only the comparatively wealthy who have time for such luxuries as retreats, pilgrimages, and multitudinous services, not to speak of the private oratories, the beautiful objects of piety, the pictures and crucifixes, the stimulating religious books, the Papal blessings, the free access to a helpful confessor and many other things. Even in the very essentials of religion they seem to be favoured, for surely the land-owner with his oratory and private chaplain has, *ceteris paribus*, a better chance of obtaining the last sacraments than the poor labourer who dies with hardly a soul to wait upon him upon the sixth floor of a tenement building. Even after death the law *habenti dabitur* seems still to hold, for the wealthy have many friends to ask prayers for them. Alms are sent to this religious house and to that, and the good monks and nuns, with real gratitude in their hearts, respond loyally by offering up Communion and penances for their benefactor. In such a long catalogue the thousands of Masses that may be said are but an item. Whatever answer is to be found to the difficulty, it can hardly be this, that the system of saying Masses for alms is an abuse and that we must strive to bring about a state of things in which the rich shall enjoy no advantage over the poor in having the Holy Sacrifice offered for their private intentions. Equality of spiritual goods here below is just as much an impossibility as equality of temporal goods. No, the only real solution is to believe that there is a court of equity in the next world, which in ways which Almighty God has not thought well to reveal to us, some-

¹ A long and important decree of a very strict character emanated from the Sacred Congregation of the Council as recently as May 11, 1904; and there have been other supplementary pronouncements since. A summary of the provisions of the former measure may be found in the late Father Taunton's *Law of the Church*. See also Dolhagaray, "Le Trafic des honoraires des Messes" in the *Revue des Sciences Ecclésiastiques*, September, 1901, pp. 224 ff., and the *Archiv. f. kat. Kirchenrecht*, 1893, pp. 268—270.

how adjusts these differences. But in the meantime we may note two things, first that every priest who has the cure of souls is bound on Sundays, holidays, and certain days of devotion to offer Mass for his parishioners, excluding all private intentions. This is a strict obligation. It has been again and again insisted on by ecclesiastical authority in the course of long centuries, and the very greatest difficulty is made in allowing any dispensation or relaxation of this duty. Secondly there is hardly anything of which we know less, as theologians themselves confess, than of all that concerns the application of the "fruits" of the Mass. It is a common opinion that the Holy Souls in Purgatory are only up to a certain point susceptible of help. What satisfactions are offered for them over and above that limited capacity are perhaps communicated, as we may piously believe, to those that are most destitute or most forgotten. It cannot even be said with absolute certainty that the offering of a single Mass for a dozen different intentions may not help forward each one of those intentions as fully as if a separate Mass were said for each. No doubt the practice of pious Catholics implies a contrary view, and the practice of pious Catholics is as a rule a sound indication of right faith, and an example which ought not easily to be departed from. But with regard to all these things, strictly speaking, we have no certainty beyond the single fact that the offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is helpful to the souls of those who are not yet in the enjoyment of the Vision of God. Moreover, as St. Thomas, who discusses the whole difficulty with his usual straightforwardness,¹ frankly allows, there is no difficulty about admitting that the rich may be in a better position as regards the mere expiation of their heavy debt to the Divine justice. The fact still remains that the Kingdom of Heaven belongs of especial right to the poor;² which means, no doubt, that they more readily find entrance there, and that their beatitude, when they reach it, is proportionately greater.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ In *Lib. Sent.*, Bk. iv. Art. iv. ad 3.

² St. Luke vi. 20.

Puerilia.

And the Streets of the City shall be full of Boys and Girls playing in the Streets thereof. Zacharias viii. 5.

The Souls of Infants on that Threshold wailed. Vergil, *Ae.* vi. 427.

I.

"'ITTLE dog," said the pre-Achaean baby, in pre-Achaean. That the clay quadruped was painted mustard yellow and scarlet, had a head like a horse, and a tail like a turkey, and wore the characteristic pre-Achaean grin, mattered nothing at all to the baby.

"'ittle dog," he repeated, and threw it vigorously upon the pavement, where it broke.

The baby screamed with joy.

"*Naughty* boy," said its pre-Achaean mamma; and, being a person of elemental passions, although she was a Queen, she smartly smacked the mutinous little hands between her own.

"'ittle *dog*," repeated the baby through his howls, and flung out fat arms and legs in protest against punishment.

But his small waving fist encountered, alas, the precious ornament of iron which dangled from his mother's headgear, and of which she was quite inordinately vain, and the twisted wire tore the brown flesh.

The wound healed all too quickly, hiding the evil. Poor Queen, she could not guess, as she scolded her fretful little son, that the fatal rust had spoilt the blood that flushed so in his cheeks; at first she rejoiced as she saw how quickly the new skin came, and even danced the quaint iron ring before his eyes. But the baby seemed to recognize it for his murderer, and afterwards, when the arm grew swollen, and the wound broke out anew, she recognized it too, and flung the loathsome precious thing over the ramparts.

Mostly she shunned the great hall, where her lord sat among his men, and nursed the baby in her own buildings. Her lord was angry with her, and she owned her piteous failure. Wooed by him with such costly gifts of gold and amber and metal

inlay-work, she had given him no children for long years, till at last this little heir was born to confirm the dynasty and to save her from those other sons and those alien women. . . . And now it was spoilt, irretrievably, and through her fault. Never from the beginning had she really hoped ; nor, in her heart, had she blamed any but herself, for all her scolding of the fretful baby.

No, she would have to die too ; that was best ; and even so, the under lords were restive, and had no love for the new dynasty, insecurely established with its new customs and usages, over their heads. And even should they support it against the Northerner, of whose turbulence up behind the black mountains and probable excursion south they had heard from frightened fugitives, the sceptre would depart from the royal house were the heir not at hand to take it over from a wounded father.

Very slowly the pictures of the future filed before her, as she sat, however, by the hall-fire one night when the men had all betaken themselves to bed. For the baby loved the hall, with its pictured lion-hunt, and was crying for it. The hearth was built in the centre, and by it, crouching against one of the four great central columns which upheld the roof, the royal mother held the baby and trembled. For in the voluminous shadows of the great hall, the bronze and gold and crushed glass with which the walls were so lavishly decorated, sent out a million brilliant points where the fire was reflected. The shadows of the tall columns, tapering strangely towards the base, reeled and waved about her as the flames leapt and fell. The naked limbs of the huntsmen writhed ruddily, and the angry lions' teeth seemed to gnash in the unequal light. But she bore it for the baby's sake, who had cried for the lions ; or even forgot, at times, the terrible shadowy hall, as the pale visions of the future trooped, from darkness into darkness, to look into her wide eyes.

The baby had ceased moaning for some time. Then he opened his eyes.

"'ittle dog," he asked, anxiously. She put into his hands the clay toy, which, since he had so continually begged for it during his delirium, she had found and mended.

"'ittle dog," he repeated, and dropped it for the last time on to the floor, where it broke. Then, with a little movement of all his body, he shut his fingers up, and so died.

And we, who like to believe that the little feet of children

find an easy path into their new country, have a right to hope that into no grey wilderness did this little ghost flit forth five and thirty hundred years ago.

When she saw what had happened, the Queen strode out into the court. A gale was blowing, and the rain whistled in the wind. She passed under the echoing colonnades, and, in the cold dawn, the little bundle grew stiff in her arms. There she was found, her hair matted and her heavy clothing soaked, when the women went out, in the morning, to grind corn. They brought her back, and she gave over the little bundle to her lord. Returning, she saw the broken toy still lying by the fire. Picking it up, she was for flinging it savagely away, as reminding her too dreadfully of the past—of how the baby had laughed over it, and of how his breaking it had angered her. Suddenly she remembered his burial. It was the custom of that early folk, as of so many others, to believe that, in some dim way, the dead still lived beneath the earth, if they were buried, or at least in the great dead-houses which were built for them. And in those vast, buried buildings, all things that the dead had loved and used were placed beside the corpses. The baby should have his toy.

And so, when the funeral took place, she braved her frowning lord, (furious with this woman who slew the son she had been so slow to give him), and entered the royal tomb.

To reach the tomb-chamber itself you passed through a long passage, driven horizontally into the slope of a hill, faced with gigantic masonry, and ending in a tall doorway. Through folding-doors and a porch (roofed here by two colossal blocks of hewn stone only) you passed into the burial-dome. Immediately from the circular floor the sides swept superbly upwards in an inward curve, bowing themselves round and about until a single block closed them in. Bronze stars and rivets, and, at a certain height, a band of bronze-work flashed in the torchlight, and insisted on the curving lines of masonry, circling ever narrower up the dome until they vanished in the gloom.

In this awful audience-chamber sat the dead. For, on pebble mats, which showed white upon the red clay floor, the dead Royalties sat, head sunk on chest, hands on the earth knees drawn up, and back propped with their clay cushions. Sometimes they sat as skeletons; sometimes the skin was still there, black round the bones, since embalming was by now

abandoned. In no case were they recognizable, for no gold mask, as in the earlier days, remained with features stamped out into it, smiling and twitching as the light flickered over it. But the dead kings and princes sat there safe enough, foreheads and arms and knees clasped with gold; and all around them sceptres and knives and necklaces and gay weapons and tools flashed bright.

On the little mat near the middle sat the baby, clay pillows propping him. A little necklace and some tiny gold dishes with real bread upon them rested near him, and close to his hand stood the little dog.

The Queen looked back for a last time, in the flaring, smoking torch-light, to where the little brown baby remained, hands quiet now, but face alive beneath the alternate gloom and glare.

Then, dumb with pain, she went out into the world and the future.

I was suddenly recalled to consciousness of the museum case (from which the little yellow dog, dug up when the tomb was excavated, grinned at me) by a small, moist hand which clasped my thumb.

Looking down, I saw a small child beaming with good-will and in her free hand holding up for my admiration her penny toy. It was a little dog, worked in red and yellow wool, and it wore the most fatuous of grins.

"little dog," said the small child, with conviction.

For a moment I felt a trifle dazed. Three and a half millenniums, one might have thought, would have stood for something; leagues upon leagues of land and water have made something of a division: and yet I must fain act and speak exactly as I would have to the pre-Achaean baby all that world away.

"little dog," reiterated the child severely.

I stroked the absurd creature's neck with one finger.

"He's very pretty," I said. "What's his name?"

But a thin voice prevented her answer.

"Come away, dear," said her governess, advancing with several older children, "or you'll annoy the kind gentleman."

Almost immediately afterwards I heard her say:

"How often have I *told* you, Muriel, not to talk to strangers?"

And yet I had known her all those centuries.

II.

Theon was astonished at receiving, on the very eve of his return, a letter from his small son. He was in Alexandria on business for a week at most, and the little Theon had no call to be sending letters in that short space of time. "We can't afford the expense," he told himself irritably, turning the papyrus-slip over and over in his hand before he opened it. But no doubt his mother had indulged the boy. That was always happening. And he looked with annoyance at the sprawling address: "Tubi 17th. Give this letter to Theon from his son Theonas." That was characteristic! The boy could not even spell his own name right. He broke the thread and began to decipher the ill-written, ill-spelt, ungrammatical epistle.

"Theon to his father Theon, greeting."

He had got the name right, there; merely, no doubt, because it was in the nominative! so the man grumbled: but the correctness was not for long.

"That was a pretty thing you done, not taking me to town with you. If you won't take me with you to Alexandria I won't write you a letter, and I won't talk to you and I won't never say I'm glad to see you, never again; and after that if you go to Alexandria I shan't take your hand and I shan't kiss you back never any more. If you won't take me with you that's what I'll do. And mother said to Archelaus that it quite upsets me, not being taken. And that was a pretty thing you did, sending me a present of a lot of rags [here there were letters scratched out: small Theon's sarcasm had outrun his penmanship, and his father could make nothing of the next words] . . . on the 12th when you sailed. Send me a lyre. You *must*. If you don't send it I won't eat I won't drink. So there. I hope you are quite well."

The man folded the papyrus with a sigh, stuck it among his other papers, and went out to his business. But all the morning his mind kept reverting to the letter. The splendid blue sea, dancing beneath the high wind along the marble quays, seemed to him an insult, so obvious was its air of freedom and strength. And he recognized, bitterly, that himself he bore the mark of pettiness, of insignificance. Had strength been his, his wife would never have become the shrew she was to him, nor have spoilt, by her exuberant petting, the small boy whom, after all,

he loved. He had flushed foolishly, several times, as he read the impertinent letter. The boy deserved a flogging, but he would certainly never get his deserts. The prospect of the mother's tears, and, above all, her exasperating account of the incident sure to be delivered to the knavish Archelaus, abashed the man. Archelaus was the assistant who took care of the village shop when the master was away at Alexandria on business. Archelaus would sympathize with the woman, would insinuate himself even more intimately into the family concerns. And Archelaus, thought Theon, was too often at the master's house, and here was the boy's letter showing that he was there again in his absence, and his wife was taking the young fellow into her confidence. "It quite upsets me," forsooth, "not being taken!" It would be some time before he took his naughty little son to Alexandria with him. And the boy's cool description of the new suit he had sent to him, just before leaving, as a bundle of rags! From whom had he heard that, if not from his mother? And to whom would she have said it, if not to Archelaus? No doubt the suit was second-hand; the woman would have seen that at once, and pointed it out to the sneering assistant: still, it had been good enough: rags, indeed! And, in face of that, the lad's demand that his father should send him a lyre, without so much as a "please" to soften the impudence! He might sing to the moon for his lyre.

Almost at once reaction overtook the weak man. It would only mean more nagging, more carping at his stinginess towards his son, in the hearing of Archelaus, no doubt, who would probably return next day with a gaudy harp which he had paid for nobody knew how. He would prevent that, anyhow. Nobody should say that he was outdone by a mere assistant in generosity towards small Theon.

He turned into the enormous thoroughfare which divided Alexandria, by its two hundred yards of paved breadth, from end to end. The bazaars stood there flamboyant beneath the gay Egyptian sunlight, and into one of them he entered. The shop-girls, half Greek, half Egyptian, clothed in spotted muslins and with hair fantastically crimped and scaffolded, saw at once that here was no remunerative customer, and it was long before he could get served.

"A little lyre, please," he murmured, diffidently.

"This," said a girl in orange and violet, holding up a large

harp of *papier-maché*, with the head and breast of a sphinx, "is generally considered to be a very handsome lyre," and she twanged the strings without enthusiasm.

Theon asked for something far less expensive.

After he had induced the girl to give him what he wanted, he passed out, turning at the shop front and noticing the girl laughing across her table with a young Alexandrian. Buying and selling, Theon reflected sourly, were easy enough there, toys and lives and hell. Never had he felt so futile and so cheap.

He reached home the next evening; the sun had already dipped, and he was cold. But there was no light in the house, though the door swung loose. He entered, but there was only silence and the dark. Suddenly nervous, he fumbled passionately for tinder to strike a light. When the lamp shone out, he saw on his table a letter. He snatched it quickly and read.

"I am tired of being deserted while you go off to amuse yourself at Alexandria. I am going to live with someone who will love me, and who will care for me and the boy. My little darling will not be despised now and put off with dirty rags while you are parading with your friends in town. Lysistrata."

And a postscript, in the assistant's hand:

"I always knew you were a fool, but now I've made one of you, so that you can't have any mistake on the subject yourself. Theon salutes his father. Your faithful servant, Archelaus."

Theon the elder sat quite still in the little living-room till it was deep night. Not a sound reached him, and no clear thought stirred in his numbed brain till the lamp's sudden flicker and extinction roused him. He was icy cold, and fetching another lamp he looked round for firing. The hearth was empty save for ashes, though a lump or two of wood lay near it. Crumpling the letter together, he threw it down. Then, without any emotion, he slowly broke to pieces the little lyre; and its papyrus wrapping and wooden framework made a blaze, and over this he sat warming his hands.

Since there was no future, he clung to the only detail of the past which was not intolerable. The memory of his little son, at least, time could transfigure, and the growing flame of reminiscent affection could save his story from being too wholly grey and sordid. And, as fixed point round which that memory might flit, he kept the insolent little letter he had received at Alexandria, taking a certain pleasure (foolish enough, perhaps) in the conventional good wishes of its close.

He kept the letter, and they tossed it with his other papers, when he died, on to the garden dust-heap, and not long afterwards, the street was demolished, and falling matter covered it.

And thus in that dry sand the papyrus slip survived, and was dug up, and has been ticketed and numbered and criticized by learned persons,¹ who assure us that for perhaps a century or more, when it was written, the world had had within it Christians; and our own age would do well, perhaps, to wonder whether it is wise in trying to do without the healing hope which they alone, had he met them, could have offered to Theon.

III.

It was this hope which shone in the prison of St. Perpetua, and gladdened her martyrdom at the very time when Theon passed, in the same country, from his sad life into the untravelled dark.

Perpetua, only twenty-two, but married already, and with one dear baby-boy still asking for her breast, brought to the hideous prison all the power of girlhood and of motherhood to suffer. In the story of her passion a few of her own words are inserted. "That day," wrote she, "we were taken into the dungeon, and I was terrified; for never before had I been put into such utter darkness." And she speaks naively of the close air of the packed cell, and of the hustling by the gaolers. "But most of all," she adds, "anxiety for my baby made me suffer."

But Tertius and Pompeius, "the blessed deacons," bought for the prisoners permission to use a larger prison, and there the child was brought to her and she gave the suffering baby her breast, and obtained that it might be left to her in the prison. "And straightway he revived, and I was released from my anxiety and distress for my little one, and I felt as though my prison had become a palace, so that it grew dearer to me than any place beside."

And when the time came for her final sacrifice, it was rather that she had to deliver back her baby to her pagan father's keeping than that she had to die; but by a gentle miracle, as she relates, from that day he ceased to ask for her breast.

And bravely she passed, gored by angered beasts and struck by sword, to the great Shepherd, who, in her vision, had given to her a mysterious Viaticum.

C. C. MARTINDALE.

¹ *Oxyrhynchus Papyri*. Ed. Grenfell and Hunt. Vol. i. no. 119. The letter is badly written in a childish hand, and needs some conjectural emendation. To this we have very sparingly resorted.

The Socialist Movement in England.

THE vast increase in the world's wealth that has taken place within the last hundred years has not been accompanied by that improvement in the condition of the poor which might have been expected. Although the oft-repeated assertion, that "while the rich are growing richer, the poor are growing poorer," is not in accordance with facts, yet the increase in the general wealth has made the miserable condition of the very poor more evident to the nation as a whole, and more intolerable, by contrast, to the poor themselves. The real state of large classes of poor people in England is not appreciated by the majority of those who are better off, because the latter are not brought into contact with the realities of life as experienced by the less fortunate sections of the community. But it cannot be denied, that the evils of long hours of work for starvation wages, of insanitary dwellings, of uncertain employment or of no employment at all, the abominations of the sweating system, and the fear of the workhouse, are ever-present realities to hundreds of thousands, or rather to millions, of people in this country.

At the Conference of the Catholic Truth Society held at Stockport in 1899, Cardinal Vaughan, speaking of the condition of the poor in England, said :

Millions of human creatures are housed worse than the cattle and horses of many a lord and squire. Nearly a million of the London poor need re-housing: the medical authority has reported against 141,000 houses as insanitary, in which the poor are huddled together in numbers varying from four to twelve and more in a single room. . . . Mr. Charles Booth speaks of semi-starvation as the lot of multitudes, and of an undefined line that separates hundreds of thousands from a state of pauperism. Over 40,000 starveling children attending the London Elementary Schools are a constant anxiety to the teachers. The sweating system, irregular and low wages, physical weakness, and race-degeneracy, act and react upon each other with the precision of

a law of nature. . . . Official returns made a few years ago present a sad and painful picture of the material and economic condition of the English poor. In the annual death-rate throughout England *one in fourteen* was that of a pauper in the workhouse. In Liverpool, *one death in seven* occurred in a workhouse. In the Manchester township [before its recent enlargement], *one death in every five* was that of a pauper. According to the Royal Commission for housing the poor, *one person in every five* in London dies in a public hospital, or a workhouse, and if the wealthy classes are excluded, the number is *one in every three*. This sums up the material condition of the poor in the wealthiest country in the world.

Nor is England the only country in which the state of the very poor is deplorable.

All agree [says Pope Leo XIII. in his Encyclical on "The Condition of Labour"], all agree, and there can be no question whatever, that some remedy must be found, and quickly found, for the misery and wretchedness which press so heavily at this moment on the large majority of the very poor. The ancient workmen's guilds were destroyed in the last century, and no other organization took their place. Hence by degrees it has come to pass that working-men have been given over, isolated and defenceless, to the callousness of employers, and the greed of unrestrained competition. The evil has been increased by rapacious usury . . . and to this must be added the custom of working by contract, and the concentration of so many branches of trade in the hands of a few individuals, so that a number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the masses of the poor a yoke little better than slavery itself.

It is evident that some remedy is urgently needed. It is equally evident, from the above quotations, that when the Church strongly opposes certain suggested remedies, its action is not due either to ignorance of the true state of affairs, or to an unwillingness to recognize the necessity of a change. But when measures are proposed which are contrary to natural justice, and calculated, for that and other reasons, to do far more harm than good, the Church is bound to condemn them.

The particular remedy for social evils which is most loudly advocated at the present time is known as Socialism. But what is Socialism? or rather, what is meant by the word Socialism as used in this paper? This must first be made clear.

Among political economists there are, regarding questions of the industrial relations of different classes, and of compe-

tition, and of State interference with contracts, two conflicting schools of thought, the first that of the Individualists, the second that of the Collectivists. The Individualists favour the completest freedom of trade, and of labour. All restrictions on individual liberty, except in so far as they are necessary to protect the liberty of other individuals, are to be avoided. Everyone should be allowed to make any contracts with others that he chooses, the parties being assumed to be on an equal footing. Competition should have full play, and everyone be entitled to do the best he can for himself, as long as he avoids force or fraud. Individual responsibility should be encouraged as much as possible, and the interference of the State be reduced to a minimum. The Collectivists go to the other extreme. They hold that the State should regulate all industrial relations, and should be the sole owner of land, and of capital, and of all the means of production. Private property should be abolished; competition should cease; the State should be the only employer of labour, finding work for everyone, and providing everyone, in return for his work, with sufficient means for a comfortable existence.

Now, any one who is not an Individualist may, in some sense, be called a Socialist, inasmuch as he does approve of some degree of State interference, greater than the Individualist would approve, though less than that which the Collectivist advocates. Any one who is in favour of factory-laws, or free education, may, in this sense, be styled a Socialist; and this no doubt was the meaning of Sir William Harcourt when he said, nearly twenty years ago, "We are all Socialists now." It is in some such sense as this that many well-known Catholics have called themselves Socialists.

In recent years, however, the word Socialism has become more and more identified with thorough-going Collectivism, and the word Socialist with those who are carrying on, either here or abroad, what is known as "the Socialist movement." These men are agreed on the general principles of the only kind of Socialism which they regard as genuine, and which they put forward as a panacea, warranted to bring about a new state of society, and to put an end to all the evils of "the capitalistic régime." It is with this kind of Socialism that the present article is concerned.

The Socialist asserts, that the poverty and miseries of modern life arise from the inequalities produced by free competition,

and the accumulation of private capital ; and he proposes to substitute for these, the State ownership of capital and land, and the regulation of all industry by the State. It will be as well to give the actual words of some leading Socialists on these points.

The manifesto of the Socialist League, issued in 1885, with notes by William Morris and E. Belfort Bax, says that " the workers, although they produce all the wealth of society, have no control over its production and distribution," and that

this must be altered from the foundation, and the land, the capital, the machinery, factories, workshops, stores, means of transit, mines, banking, and all means of production and distribution of wealth, must be declared and treated as the common property of all.

In one of the most popular of Socialistic works, *Britain for the British*, by Robert Blatchford, we read :

The root idea of Socialism means two things—(1) that the land and all the machines, tools, and buildings used in making needful things, together with all the canals, rivers, roads, railways, ships, and trains used in moving and sharing needful things, and all the shops, markets, scales, weights and money used in selling or dividing needful things, shall be the property of the whole people ; (2) that the land, tools, machines, trains, rivers, shops, scales, money, and all other things belonging to the people shall be worked, managed, divided and used by the whole people in such a way as the greater number of the whole people shall deem best.

How possession of all the land and capital and means of production and distribution, is to be obtained by the State—whether by confiscation outright, or by gradually taxing private owners out of existence, or by making some compensation to those dispossessed—is a point on which Socialists are not agreed. Some favour confiscation, pure and simple ; others would prefer to put increasing taxes on private property, rent, profits, and interest, till it would be worth no one's while to hold such things any longer. A few would make some compensation, though how this could be done, without continuing the existence of capitalism, does not appear.

Apart from the question of how the transfer of capital is to be brought about, the general idea of Socialism, as at present advocated in England, is clear enough.

Socialism has one meaning, and one meaning only. Socialism means, and can mean, nothing else than that the community, or the State, is to take all the means of production into its own hands, that

private enterprise and private property are to come to an end, and all that private enterprise and private property carry with them. That is Socialism, and nothing else is Socialism.¹

The ideas which underlie this system have spread rapidly on the Continent in recent years. In Germany, at the last General Election, the Socialists, though they lost nearly half the seats they had previously held, secured more than 3,000,000 votes. In France there is a strong Socialist party, advocating similar measures. During a recent discussion on the appropriation of Church property, M. Paul Constans, a Socialist deputy, said :

We shall vote for this Bill, because we hope that no one in this House will henceforth say that Collectivism is a Utopia, a dream of fools. We shall ask you to extend your expropriating principles, until they cover not a mere part of the ground of private ownership, but the whole ground, and sweep it away, at last, in the interest of the nation.

In England the same ideas are spreading among working men, and even, according to those who are in a position to know, among Catholic working men. It is true that the Social Democratic Federation, the Independent Labour Party, and the Fabian Society—the chief Socialist organizations—are not very formidable in point of numbers, but they are very active as propagandists. The Independent Labour Party, the most important of these bodies, has twenty members in Parliament, more than eight hundred members on local governing bodies, and over seven hundred branches ; and, according to one of its recent reports, under the auspices of these branches about 65,000 meetings are held every year. Moreover, the Socialists, owing to the apathy of their opponents, have gone far towards obtaining control of the trade unions, and of the whole labour movement. This is shown by the fact, that on the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress, nine of the sixteen members are advanced Socialists, while of the thirty-one members of the whole Labour Party in the House of Commons, twenty-three are Socialists.

The effect of the propaganda of the Socialist societies is seen in such elections as that at Colne Valley. At that election there were three candidates, a Liberal, a Unionist, and a Socialist. The Socialist was at the top of the poll, with 3,648 votes. After the election, the new member, Mr. Grayson, said :

This epoch-making victory has been one for pure revolutionary

¹ Mr. Balfour at Birmingham, November 14, 1907.

Socialism. We have not trimmed our sails to get half-hearted voters—and we have proclaimed our Socialism from every platform.

How is it that these Socialistic ideas spread so easily? One of the chief causes, no doubt, is the resentment produced by the abuse of capital on the part of men whose sole aim is the acquisition of money, regardless of the suffering they may cause in the pursuit of it. The modern idea of wealth, and of the extent to which it may be used for purely selfish purposes, is one of the many evil consequences of the Protestant Reformation; it is quite contrary to the Catholic idea, which prevailed in England before that event. It seems to be commonly held in England at the present day, that a man is justified in making money by any *legal* means; and that having made it, he may then say, "All this is mine; I am entitled to use the whole of it, however much it may be, just as I please." How far removed this is from Catholic ideas, either of the obtaining, or of the using, of wealth, need hardly be pointed out. The position of the rich man, as merely the steward of his superfluous wealth, is thus described in one of the popular books of instruction used in England in the fourteenth century:

All that the rich man hath, passing his honest living after the degree of his dispensation, it is other men's, not his, and he shall give full hard reckoning thereof at the day of doom.¹

Hence there were not in England in Catholic times those extremes of misery, and those gulfs between one class and another, which now exist. Professor Thorold Rogers, in his *Economic Interpretation of History*, speaking of the century and a half immediately preceding the Reformation, says:

On the whole there were none of those extremes of poverty and wealth which have excited the astonishment of philanthropists and the indignation of working-men. The age, it is true, had its discontents . . . but of poverty that perishes unheeded, of willingness to do honest

¹ Some have gone too far in this direction, and tried to maintain that some form of communism is taught in the Gospel. This is clearly an error. The only communism in the Gospel is that of the Apostles and Disciples, as a body of teachers, travelling about, and obliged to break off, for purposes of their mission, from the social life of their relatives and friends. Community of goods applied only to those so engaged, it applied then, as it applies now, only to those called to perfection, to an exceptional life, and to special work in the Church. There is no condemnation of wealth in the Gospel, as long as it is not misused. The account of the rich young man, as given by St. Matthew, shows this clearly, though it has been quoted to prove the opposite.

work and a lack of opportunity, there was little or none. The essence of life in England during the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors was that every one knew his neighbour, and that every one was his brother's keeper.

Then came the Reformation which changed all this, and destroyed that great support of the poor man, the Church, a large part of whose revenues were not only given to the poor, but were recognized as being claimable by them. Of the effect of the destruction of the Church, Mr. Hyndman, a Socialist, says :

Thus the poor who had ever obtained ready relief from the Church, the wayfarers who could always find food and shelter in the religious houses, the children of the people who repaired to the convent for guidance and teaching, were deprived at one fell swoop of alms, shelter and schools. This great and powerful estate, which naturally sided with the people against the monarch and the aristocracy, now became a means of oppression in the hands of the land-owners and the middle class. Rack-renting and usury were henceforth sanctified instead of being denounced, and the Protestant Reformation became a direct cause of the increasing misery of the mass of Englishmen.¹

The modern world shows no sign of going back to the old ideas, and large numbers of people, at the present day, act like those who, not being willing to conform to the true principles of health, are delighted to find some quack, who, with a specific of his own, undertakes to cure all their complaints. Without investigating the nature of Socialism, or considering how it would work out in practice, they adopt the theory off-hand, trusting to the vague and wordy assurances of its advocates that it is the only cure for the diseases of society.

Not that all Socialist leaders are knowingly quacks, seeking their own ends, or that all those who advocate Socialism do so from selfish motives. There are many excellent people who are so distressed at the amount of poverty and misery around them, which they cannot relieve, that they are willing to adopt almost any means that seems likely to end it. They believe that, "man being naturally good," the establishment of Socialism would make all men brothers, and that each would work hard for the benefit of all ; that thus the general level would be gradually raised, until ultimately a sort of golden age would result. They forget original sin.

¹ *Historical Basis of Socialism in England*, p. 32.

Qu'est ce que le Progrès-indéfini? Qu'est qu'une société qui n'est aristocratique? Ce n'est pas un société, ce me semble. Qu'est que l'homme naturellement bon? Où l'a-t-on connu? Cet ordre d'idées me scandalise. . . . Toutes ces hérésies ne sont que la conséquence de la grande hérésie moderne—la suppression de l'idée du péché originel.¹

That the idea of the regeneration of man by Socialism is a dream, was long since pointed out by Aristotle. Speaking of proposals for a community of property, he says :

Such legislation may have a specious appearance of benevolence ; men readily listen to it, and are easily induced to believe that in some wonderful manner everybody will become everybody's friend, especially when some one is heard denouncing the evils now existing in States, suits about contracts, convictions for perjury, flatteries of rich men, and the like, which are said to arise out of the possession of private property. These evils, however, are due to a very different cause—the wickedness of human nature. . . . Again, we ought to reckon not only the evils which the citizens will be saved, but also the advantages which they will lose.²

One section, then, of Socialists consists of well-meaning persons, who, in their schemes for benefiting mankind, leave out of account human nature. Another section is much less respectable. There are many men who would like to become masters, and leaders, and owners of capital, but have not the capacity, or perseverance, to become so, by competition in trades or professions, or in any manner that requires energy and patience. They are none the less envious of all who are above them. They therefore denounce capital, however obtained, and competition, of whatever kind, and say, "Let us abolish both, and all be equal. Then we shall, at any rate, not have any one above us, except an abstraction, the State, of which we shall be a part." Then there is another section, consisting of those who, perhaps, are not envious and not ambitious, but who hate competition, and the struggle to get on, or to maintain themselves in the position which they occupy. These naturally look forward to a state of things in which every one, industrious or otherwise, would be certain of a living from the State, and would be free from all responsibility, whether for himself, or for his wife and his children.

Before considering what would be the effect of adopting the proposals of the Socialists, the relations between their suggested

¹ Baudelaire, *Letter to Toussenel*.

² *Politics*, ii. 5 (Jowett's translation).

system, and religion, may be very shortly referred to. It is difficult to see how, if the land and all the means of producing wealth are to be in the hands of the State, the work of the Church could be carried on at all; or how Religious Orders could continue, or priests be educated, or any schools, but secular ones, exist. None of these things could be provided for, unless all the citizens were members of the Church. But would any form of religion, or, at least, any form of Christianity, be assisted, or even tolerated under Socialism? The Socialists hold, that the State has absolutely nothing to do with religion, that private ownership of property is wrong, that children are primarily children of the State, that the individual is to be entirely subordinated to the community. All these ideas are inconsistent with Christian principles. Mr. Belfort Bax writes thus:

I do not think it is possible to consider Socialism in any other light than as, if not anti-Christian and anti-Theistic, at least as very definitely non-Christian and non-Theistic. As above pointed out, it may on occasion be compelled, in self-defence even, to adopt the aggressive attitude in these matters. . . . Looking at the matter broadly, and apart from the question of electoral expediency or vote-catching, I think we may conclude that the oft-repeated saying of Tridon, to the effect that Socialism stands for a new theory of life, expressing itself in economics as Communism, in religion as Atheism, and in politics as International Republicanism, taken in a wide sense, cannot be regarded as destitute of justification.¹

In any case, it cannot be denied that the leading Socialists of the present day are, almost without exception, distinctly anti-religious. That this is so abroad, is notorious. In England, nearly all the leaders of Socialism are of the same character. Shaw, Hyndman, Quelch, Belfort Bax, Karl Pearson, and Blatchford agree with Karl Marx and Herr Bebel in regarding Christianity as an absurd superstition, if not worse. Statements in their various works to this effect have frequently been quoted, and it would be wearisome to quote them again. It is sufficient to have pointed out that the principles of Socialism are opposed to those of Christianity, that the leaders of the Socialist movement are most of them professed enemies of any form of supernatural religion, and that in any case, under the Socialist *régime*, the work of the Church would be brought almost entirely to an end.

¹ *The Principles of Socialism: their extra-economic aspects.*

Passing from the question of religion, it remains to be considered, what would be the social and economic effects of a system of Socialism, based on the abolition of private property, and of competition. And it may safely be asserted that, human nature being what it is, any such system would prove, first, so destructive of commercial prosperity; second, so injurious to the character of those who lived under it; and third, so incompatible with ordinary freedom, that no community could tolerate it for any length of time.

1. Suppose the Socialist system established, private property made illegal, competition abolished, and the State the sole employer of labour. The State would require a gigantic organization in order to secure, not only the distribution of the goods of every kind required by the community, but also, what would be much more difficult, the actual production of all these things. It must estimate, sometimes far in advance, what will be the probable demand for each of these things. It must control every trade, and arrange for the exchange of products with foreign countries in remote parts of the world. Sets of Government officials, working by strict rules and regulations, are to carry on the whole commercial system of the country, with all the intricate inter-relations of different industries, and the complications of foreign trade. How many Government departments will be required for all this? And how will the relations between them be regulated? Without competition, how will they even be able to decide upon the relative values of goods? or even on a standard for any one kind of goods? These are questions which Socialists do not answer. Again, how are wages to be fixed? Is it to be in accordance with the value of the work done? If so, how is this to be estimated, in the absence of competition? How is a day's work of a bricklayer to be estimated, relatively to that of a chemist, or a surgeon? The difficulty of solving these questions by theoretical calculation of labour-time, and so on, and the impossibility of leaving them to be arbitrarily decided by officials, have led many Socialists to conclude that the wages of all must be equal. Thus in the *Fabian Essays*, we read:

The impossibility of estimating the separate value of each man's labour with any really valid result: the friction which would arise, the jealousies which would be provoked, the inevitable discontent, favouritism, and jobbery that would prevail—all these things will drive the Communal Council into the right path, equal remuneration of all workers.

But would not this, too, lead to discontent and agitation on the part of the more industrious and more skilful, who would find themselves no better remunerated than the lazy and the inefficient?

Suppose, however, that the Government, in spite of these difficulties, were to succeed in carrying on the whole commercial work of the country, without being strangled in its own red tape, what would be the effect on production? would not the amount of that grow less and less? If all are to be paid alike—and it is difficult to see how this can be avoided without reintroducing capitalism—the main incentive to enterprise and hard work will disappear. Next, the development of all, or nearly all, exceptional skill, will probably cease. For who will work persistently for years to become a great surgeon, or physician, or engineer, if he will never get any more by doing so, than he would have received, had he remained only just skilful enough to belong to his particular profession? Even manual labour would deteriorate. Receiving the same, whether he works hard and efficiently, or only just well enough to keep out of trouble with the State, the average man will work as little as he may. This seems indeed to be the ideal of certain Socialists at present.

To the Socialist, labour is an evil to be minimized to the utmost. The man who works at his trade or avocation more than necessity compels him, or who accumulates more than he can enjoy, is not a hero, but a fool, from the Socialist's standpoint.¹

It is a fact beyond dispute, that the chief incentive to labour is the prospect of personal advantage to be gained by it, and the absence of this prospect has always resulted in a slackening of effort.

It is the common error of Socialists to overlook the natural indolence of mankind; their tendency to be passive, to be the slaves of habit, to persist indefinitely in a course chosen. Let them once attain any state of existence which they consider tolerable, and the danger to be apprehended is that they will thenceforth stagnate: will not exert themselves to improve, and by letting their faculties rust, will lose even the energy required to preserve them from deterioration.²

It is futile to say, that all will work well for the good of the community. What reason is there to expect the nature of man, as shown in history, to change under Socialism? No system

¹ Belfort Bax, *The Religion of Socialism*, p. 94.

² Mill, *Political Economy*, iv. vii. 7.

of Socialistic education will prevent men from being lazy, or dishonest, as long as they have free will.

Then, again, if all are to be employed by the State, how is it to be decided what occupation each one is to follow? If choice of occupation were free, all would choose the pleasant occupations, and no workers would be left for the others. Therefore, all must take turns in doing various kinds of work, or else each one's occupation must, to a large extent, be decided by officials. Thus all special tastes and aptitudes must be largely disregarded, and those who might do excellent work in one direction, will often be employed in work for which they are quite unsuited, and will therefore be less efficient. To take another point. It is admitted that the production of wealth is enormously greater at the present day than it was a hundred years ago. This is not due to the increased number of workmen, for the increase in wealth produced is many times greater than the increase in the number of workers. It is due to improvements in machinery, to inventions and discoveries. What would be the effect of Socialism here? It is admitted by Socialists, that under Socialism no material reward can be hoped for by any inventor, however much his invention or discovery may have benefited the world. But inventors, except one in a hundred, do not invent merely for the sake of inventing. They would not undertake long-continued researches and experiments, such as have preceded most inventions, if it were not for the prospect of a great reward. In any case, without some private property they would be unable to do it. Hence, under Socialism, there would be a great decrease in invention, and consequently, in material progress. There is little prospect of the public authorities assisting inventors, or pioneers of any sort. Neither is it probable that they will undertake any considerable enterprises themselves. The result in most cases being doubtful, and unaccompanied by any personal gain to themselves, they will probably not run the risk. They are likely to be even more unenterprising than Government departments have always been hitherto, for they will be without the example and the rivalry of private enterprise, which now compels official bodies not to lag too far behind.

It appears, then, inevitable, that under Socialism, the removal of incentives to work on the part of the average man, the discouragement of all exceptional skill, the neglect of special tastes and capacities, the absence of all encouragement

of discovery and invention, and the natural inclination of the official bodies to avoid all enterprises uncertain in their result, will not only greatly hamper industrial progress, but will bring about a gradual, but sure, deterioration, both in the work of individuals, and in the whole industrial life of the country.

2. Apart from economic results, Socialism would inevitably bring about great changes in the social and moral order—changes which would have more effect on the happiness of the people than material conditions. Would these be changes for the better? Take the family. Marriage, as it now exists, is regarded by Socialists as a capitalistic institution—which it is. Under Socialism, the family, the individual home, would not exist. In a work by William Morris and Belfort Bax,¹ we read :

The present marriage system is based on the general supposition of the economic dependence of woman on the man, and the consequent necessity for his making provision for her, which she can legally enforce. This basis would disappear with the advent of social economic freedom, and no binding contract would be necessary between the parties as regards livelihood ; while property in children would cease to exist, and every infant would be born into full citizenship. Thus a new development of the family would take place, an association terminable at the need of either party.

Similarly, Robert Owen declared :—

In the new moral world the irrational names of husband and wife, parent and child, will be heard no more . . . all connection will be the result of affection. The child, which would undoubtedly be the property of the whole community, etc.

Many similar statements might be quoted from other Socialist writers.

Even if marriage were to continue as it is, the children could not be brought up at home. The sexes are to be equal ; and all are to work for the State, the women as well as the men. The mother, therefore, will not be able to devote her time to her young children, nor can she employ anyone else to look after them at home, for the State is to be the only employer. The children must, therefore, be taken at the earliest possible age into the care of the State, and this is the Socialist ideal. They will thus become almost strangers to their parents at an age when

¹ *Socialism : its growth and outcome*, p. 16.

they are most impressionable, and at this age they will be brought up by State nurses and officials, who will have no interest in them as individuals. Is this likely to improve their characters? It is absurd to argue from the fact that now the homes of many children are unsatisfactory. That two, or three, or even four or five, hundred thousand children are badly brought up, or neglected, is no justification for taking eight or nine millions of children away from their parents. Moreover, if parental responsibility is to come to an end, and the State is to be responsible for the children, will not the public authority be likely to go further, to claim a right to make regulations in its own defence, to begin to talk about the "multiplication of the unfit," and to establish a system of intolerable interference with domestic arrangements? So far is this from being unlikely, that a Socialist writer, repudiating the charge that Socialism would lead to too great freedom in these matters, recently declared that :

Under the Collectivist system everything is subordinated to the interests of the State, and the personal choice and liberty which men and women enjoy to-day in regard to the marriage tie, would be no longer exercised. The State would step in and interfere with personal selection, on the ground that such a marriage was opposed to the interests of the community.

Where is this interference to stop?

Again, what would be the effect of a collectivist system of Government on the general character of the people?

Under Socialism everything, it appears, is to be directed by officials. No one who is not an official will be responsible for anything. Thus everyone will in time come to look to the State for everything. For the great majority of the people, self-reliance and independence will cease to exist, enterprise and thrift will become impossible, or useless. A generation or two of life under such conditions would undermine the character of any community.

Thus, it appears, that in a Socialist state, family life would be disorganized, the children would be badly brought up, and the character of the citizens generally would degenerate.

3. There is a further consequence of the Socialistic organization of society which must not be overlooked. It has already been pointed out, that to enable the State to carry on all the

industries of the country, and control all the professions, officials of some sort must decide what kinds and quantities of goods are to be produced, and what work of all descriptions is to be done. For this purpose these officials must have power to decide, to a great extent, what occupations individual members of the community are to follow, otherwise there would be too many in one, and not enough in others. They must also fix some standard of work, otherwise some would do next to none. They must also be able to move workmen from one place to another. And it must be remembered that there could be no such thing as throwing up work, and going elsewhere. It is impossible to strike where there is only one available employer, and no private property. Even if the powers described were always exercised honestly, and without either favouritism, or ill-will, as the case might be, the official classes would have such power and authority over the lives and proceedings of the great majority of the community, as no Government has ever possessed—except over slaves. And what guarantee is there that the power would be so exercised? or what reason to think that the Socialistic official will be any different from the average official, as he is now, or has been in the past? None whatever.

Perhaps it will be said, that public opinion, and the newspaper press, will be available to check the acts of the official class. Not at all. The State is the sole employer of labour, and holds all the means of production. It must, therefore, be the sole printer and publisher. Before anything is printed someone must decide whether it ought to be printed, whether the public funds are to be employed in producing it. State officials will, therefore, have power to decide, whether or not any particular book is to be published, or any particular statement of opinion is to appear in a newspaper. Some Socialists have attempted to meet this difficulty, by suggesting that everyone would be entitled to have what he liked printed, provided he deposited the cost of printing it. But this would not be possible, if there were no private property. The particular set of officials, therefore, who happened to be in office at a given time would be able to manufacture, or stifle, public opinion, as they thought fit.

No book could be published except with the approval of some State authority for the State, controlling all printing works, can, will, and must determine whether it shall be printed. Likewise, the produc-

tion of newspapers and all other journalistic works would be a monopoly of the State, for newspaper proprietors could no more be allowed to control newspaper factories than any other capitalist some other factory. Clearly, therefore, only such newspapers would and could be printed which voiced the views of the official bureaucracy. Not only would all the wealth of the country be centred in the hands of the bureaucracy, not only would this bureaucracy have absolute control, hourly and daily throughout their lives, over every man and woman, but they would also have an absolute monopoly over the manufacture of public opinion. No opinion could be expressed, no news could be published, which they desired to suppress.¹

Thus, in many important points, the freedom now enjoyed by the average man, must, under Socialism, be almost entirely surrendered to an official class.

Even if the members of the governing bodies were all honest and acted fairly, and were none of them faddists, or interfering Jacks-in-office, a state of things in which others are to decide, what you shall work at, and where you shall work, and how long you shall work, whom you shall marry, how, and where, your children shall be brought up, what books you shall publish and what newspapers you shall read, seems to be little better than slavery. But if the officials may be far removed from the supposed standard, or even be of quite an opposite character, and if, in addition, there is to be no adequate means of resisting them, or even of publicly expressing an opinion about them, slavery is too mild a word to apply to such a state of existence.

For these and other reasons, which will occur to anyone who tries to work out the details of a really Socialistic scheme of society, it seems clear, that any system which forbids private property, deprives men of incentives to work, makes the State the sole employer of labour and the sole producer of goods, takes children out of the hands of their parents, relieves men of all responsibility for their families, makes the ordinary citizen dependent for everything on State organizations, and gives officials unparalleled opportunities of favouritism or oppression, will end in failure; and while it exists, instead of improving the condition of the people, will do an amount of evil far in excess of any, now existing, which it proposes to cure.

ARTHUR J. O'CONNOR.

¹ Max Hirsch, *An Exposure of Socialism*, p. 15.

Some After-Christians.

• THAT God Himself should have come on earth in human form in order to redeem and beatify man, and that, nineteen centuries after His coming, the vast majority of the race should be in ignorance of the fact, whilst many, having heard of it, should yet disbelieve the report, is one of the standing puzzles of history. *A priori*, we should think that a divine interposition of such incalculable benefit to mankind would be eagerly welcomed and speedily made known everywhere, as an event of inexhaustible significance; whereas, belief in its occurrence has met with undying hostility, both in the heart of the individual and amongst the race at large. Being a divine fact, it has survived that hostility and made way in spite of it, but this constant opposition has sadly checked its natural fecundity of growth. Therefore, there are multitudes still in the outer darkness, and many on whom the Light of the World once shone, but who have made a darkness for themselves by closing their eyes to it. That able and profound Catholic thinker, the late Mr. C. S. Devas, in his valuable work, *The Key to the World's Progress*, divides all mankind from the religious standpoint into three categories—Christians, Fore-Christians, and After-Christians. The first class consists of those who believe in the revelation of Jesus Christ, the second, representing practically the black and yellow races, of those who still profess religions older than Christianity, whilst the holders of various non-Christian creeds, that have originated in the Christian era, are aptly described by the third title, After-Christians. For the most part, the Fore-Christians are grouped in nationalities—Chinese, Japanese, Hindoos, Africans, etc., but, with the exception of the Mahometans, the After-Christians are mingled indistinguishably with the Christian populations. The former, still speaking generally, are inculpable in their ignorance—“How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard?” St. Paul asks the Romans, “for faith cometh by

hearing." The paralyzing blow to missionary enterprise due to the revolt from Christian unity in the sixteenth century, may thus account for and excuse the unbelief of the heathen, but there is more difficulty in understanding the After-Christian position. There are thousands amongst us who can know what we know about Christianity and will not, who hear Christ's message and do not accept it, to whom our certitudes and our hopes are alike illusory, who turn aside from the revelation vouchsafed them and grope about for truth in the darkness of natural reason. The case of these men is a phenomenon well worth a Christian's attention, and latterly an excellent opportunity of studying it has been furnished by the publication of a charming book, called *William Allingham: a Diary*. In its pages, which deserve study on various accounts, we find many illustrations of the workings of the After-Christian intellect, as well as much evidence that men, who have abandoned Christianity, have not bettered themselves, but have really lost their grasp on happiness no less than on truth. We propose to set forth here, from the pages of the *Diary*, certain passages in proof of this.

First of all, the author of this sincere and outspoken human document himself claims our attention.

William Allingham was born of an Irish Protestant family, of Cromwellian descent, at Ballyshannon, in Ulster, in 1826. He was very largely self-educated, and, like another and greater poet, Burns, was employed during the greater part of his life in the Customs Branch of the Civil Service. In addition to his poetic talents, which first brought him into notice, he was seemingly endowed with a charming personality, which readily won and retained the friendship of very diverse characters. Although his family were members of the Irish Established Church, he was apparently in boyhood left to himself in religious matters, except as regards external observance. It may be that his parents had no fixed or dogmatic faith themselves, and naturally felt under no obligation of imbuing the minds of their children with their opinions. This, at least, is the impression we gather from Allingham's autobiographical notes prefixed to the *Diary* proper.

I was probably about four years old when they began to take me to church on Sundays. . . Essentially neither service nor sermon had the very slightest interest or meaning for me, but the sense of a solemn stringency of rule and order was deeply impressed. . . . Connected with church and churchyard was a thought, vague, vast, unutterably

awful of that Last Day, with Eternity behind it. . . . The suggestion of eternal happiness took no hold on my imagination: my earliest thought of Heaven pictured it as a Sunday street in summer, with doorsteps swept and the shutters of the shops closed. Later, there was a vague flavour of Church and Psalmody. . . . There was something curious and amusing in the Litany with its responses, but it was most meaningless to me, as indeed was the service as a whole (both at this time and later in life).¹

It seems hardly credible that there was no attempt on the part of those responsible to break the bread of doctrine for this childish yet active mind, but there is no trace in these pages that Allingham had any real grounding in the Christian religion. He was removed from school at the age of thirteen, and worked for the next seven years in the bank, of which his father was manager, supplying as best he could by wide and indiscriminate reading the defects in his schooling. It is little wonder that a mind so untrained and uninformed should fall a victim to the first sceptical arguments it met with. Allingham became a Customs Officer in 1846, and, whatever the process was, we find a few years later that he was no longer a believer in Irish Protestantism.

Sunday, October 8, 1848. Dublin. Conviction of O'Brien. Church. Anthem, fine voices. . . . As to the religious service, who came here for that? Ah, if there were one sufficient faith and worship for all.

But early influences survived, and though we may well believe that he was not consciously unfair, prejudiced, or bigoted, there are many indications throughout the *Diary* of a mind wholly out of sympathy with Catholic ideals, and incapable of appreciating or even of understanding the Catholic faith.

Saturday, June 30, 1849. . . . The Church of Rome, entrenched within elaborate logical lines, fears no assault made according to logical rule. She knows that the existence of the Deity can neither be proved nor disproved by argument, and that the opponent who says "Yes" or "No" to this question may be made to look foolish.

A strange travesty this, of the tenets of a Church which holds as an article of faith that God's existence is provable by natural reason alone.

Wednesday, January 3, 1865. Newman's *Apologia* and his portrait: the narrow, refined bookish man. Does all this about Oxford and the Fathers, &c., &c., really matter?

¹ *Diary*, pp. 22—24.

There is a suggestion, in the latter sentence, of the attitude of Gallio, who "cared for none of these things."¹

Wednesday, May 24, 1865. At Verdon Hotel, Catholic Bishop, M'Gettigan—greets me warmly, and asks me to dine with him, which I have to decline. . . . A good man, if he were only not a Bishop!"

His dislike of Episcopacy as an institution is not confined to Catholicity only—

Thursday, October 8, 1868. Magee is made Bishop of Peterborough, . . . when we met at Ballyshannon he was a curate and we stood on a social level. But would you [*i.e.*, himself] like to be a Bishop? Would *anything* induce you to be a Bishop?

He was possessed with a vehement hatred of religious dogmatism, a hatred which is, after all, the natural and logical outcome of the principle of private judgment.

May 6, London.—1869. To Albemarle St., and breakfast with Lecky—his *Morals* . . . I attack Lecky for civility to Dogmatism and talk rather sharply. He *sees much on both sides*; abhors the Utilitarians . . . When I point out some of the evils of Dogmatism, L. says, "These things are a great comfort to ignorant people"; at another time he argues, when I press him as to orthodox dogmas, "practically these views are now inoperative."

Again, at a meeting with Aubrey de Vere in Tennyson's house at Freshwater—

Thursday, September 3, 1868. De Vere—his talk of Catholicism, eloquently vague, sliding into Newmanism and Jesuitry. The T.'s mildly dissentient, I getting angry. T., De V. and I went out under the stars; I flared up at last and asked De V., "Do you yourself entirely believe the account given by the Roman Catholic Church of God and man?"

DE V. "I believe it all as surely as that I tread this ground and see those stars."

W. A. "And I don't believe one atom of it."

TENNYSON. "You have no point of contact then."

His own exiguous belief is stated in several places—

August 12, 1868. For my part I believe in God. [I] can say no more.

And more explicitly—

June 13, 1882. One knows that it is impossible to arrive at anything definite [about the fact of God's existence], and those who do

¹ Acts xviii. 17.

not trouble their heads about the matter can get on as well as other people, as far as one sees. . . . In crises, too, of national life the subject may have a terrible actuality.

But this does not justify dogmatism upon it. Here also I think sincerity is best, with oneself and others. I will have nothing to do with the Church of Rome, or indeed with any form of Christianity, in spite of all the beauty and power, all the comforting and controlling influences, because I know the structure is built on false dogmas. No verbal Revelation of any date, in any tongue, has the least authority with me. Nor do I want a puppet God constructed or kept up because it may scare some from robbery and revolution, murder and suicide, and it seems to me that whoever goes about to describe or define the Deity, sets up an idol or puppet, a man's work, whether it be mean as African fetish or majestic as the Jupiter of Pheidias. We cannot in the least describe or comprehend or even think Deity. And yet we can believe in Deity, and that belief is not fantastic but natural, sound, and reasonable. There is to me no conception of the Universe possible save as the dominion of Power and Wisdom, unfathomably great, yet in sympathy with my own intelligent nature; a Greatness presenting itself to me (when I dare at all to shape it) as a true Personality, comprising all that man at his best in measured degree feels, thinks, and is: and much more.

Almighty God,—to whom turns my soul, sharing I know not how, the mystic Divine nature; whose reality is indubitable, whose quality is incomprehensible, whose plans are inscrutable.

There is a pathetic puzzle-headedness about this sincere and eloquent profession. Allingham himself is here unconsciously dogmatizing, and once the principle of dogma is admitted, the extent is a matter of fact and evidence. The fatal distrust in the power of the human intellect to reach absolute truth about supra-sensible things, which characterizes the philosophy of Kant and Spencer, is evidently responsible in the main for After-Christianity. An hour's talk with an instructed Catholic would have made clear to him how far Christians hold that God is knowable, and to what extent unknown. Here we have, at least, a soul hungering for its true end and debarred through a false philosophy from reaching it with certainty. The result was an abiding moral depression, for there is little joy in a creed so destitute of fruit in knowledge, love, and service. A point worth remarking is that these After-Christians feel obliged to repudiate Catholicism expressly: thus acknowledging that the Church is the true home of the dogmatic principle.

So much for the poet's own views: they were also largely

those of many of his friends, as revealed in this *Diary*. Chief amongst these were Carlyle and Tennyson, both After-Christians through defect of early education. We will consider them separately. The sadness which uncertainty brings with it is especially remarkable in Carlyle, with whom Allingham was admitted to a close degree of intimacy. He has recorded in his *Diary*, no doubt with substantial accuracy, the gist of many conversations with the old philosopher. The following will give a fair insight into the After-Christian mind.

Thursday, May 24, 1877.—Modern Atheism, Clifford, &c. C. said, "I know nothing whatever of God except what I find within myself—a feeling of the eternal difference between right and wrong."

March 29, 1878. . . . By and by [Carlyle] said, "It is impossible to believe otherwise than that this world is the work of an Intelligent Mind. The Power which has formed us—He (or It, if that appears to any one more suitable) has known how to put into the human soul an ineradicable love of justice and truth. . . . These physical gentlemen ought to be struck dumb if they properly consider the nature of the Universe."

November 14, 1878. C. spoke of the folly of Tyndall and others, who went on about the origin of things; "I long ago perceived that no man could know anything about that; but that the Universe could come together by chance was and is altogether incredible. The evidence to me of God—and the only evidence—is the feeling that I have deep down in the very bottom of my heart of right, and truth, and justice. I believe that all things are governed by Eternal Goodness and Wisdom, and not otherwise; but we cannot see and never shall see *how* it is all managed."

No one can doubt the natural piety of such utterances: their logic is not so manifest. Surely it means a good deal to know that God exists and has made the world. Why these men should persuade themselves that the Eternal Wisdom could not make any further revelation of Himself is not clear. They are still full of the Christian tradition without knowing it. But Carlyle's formal Christianity left him very early.

January 12, 1877.—With Carlyle—Christianity—age fifteen, spoke to his mother—her horror. "Did God Almighty come down and make wheelbarrows in a shop?" She lay awake at night for hours, praying and weeping bitterly.

"This went on about ten years. Goethe drove me out of it, taught me that the true things in Christianity survived and were eternally true."

August 4, 1875. . . . Newman's "Primitive Christianity" [article in *Fraser*]. "I could not read it. I know Primitive Christianity was some sort of high and holy enthusiasm. I do not in the least believe that *God* came down upon earth and was a joiner, and made chairs and hog-troughs; or came down at any time more than He comes down now into the soul of every devout man."

May 24, 1874.—Carlyle spoke of his college days. "I studied the *Evidences of Christianity* for several years with the greatest desire to be convinced, but in vain. I read Gibbon, and then first clearly saw that Christianity was not true. . . ."

November 14, 1878. "Had you any kind of orthodox belief in your mind at that time?" [when C. was nineteen].

"No, I had given all that up some time before, but I said nothing about it one way or the other. I had asked my mother one day how it was known that Solomon's song was symbolical, representing Christ and the Church, and she showed such boundless horror at my question that I resolved on silence thenceforth."

December 23, 1872. One day Carlyle said, "I have for many years strictly avoided going to church or having anything to do with Mumbo Jumbo."

In other passages, we find clearer proof of the sad mental unrest to which rejection of revelation gives birth.

January 26, 1871. Speaking of some one lately dead, C. said "Ah yes, he's out of this confused puddle that we must still go floundering in a while longer. Death and the Future. We know nothing—must leave all that alone. I often think of Kant's notion—no real time or space, these are only appearances—and think it is true. I have often had a feeling (contrary as it is to all logic) that there is a Special Providence,—a leading by the hand of a great friendly Power above us."

December 5, 1878. . . . I asked him a question to-day I had often wished to ask: "Do your thoughts ever turn to another life?" He answered: "Oh, every day and every hour." Then he went on to say in slow semi-soliloquy, "We know nothing. All is and must be utterly incomprehensible. Annihilation would be preferable to me to this state I am in."

January 23, 1878. On health C. said: "I have had stomachic disturbance ever since I was twenty; otherwise quite healthy. It is very curious, the head is still the same, only the interest in things is nearly gone. I long ago felt that the greatest comfort was to be able to say, 'This will not last for ever.' Death is welcome whenever it comes. One thing is firmly held to—God, who arranges and decides all: this I am thankful to say I keep. . . ."

What misery and bewilderment might not that powerful mind have been spared if it had seen the truth from the first. But young Carlyle had no chance. A mere travesty of Christianity was presented to him in his boyhood—Scotch Calvinism—a mass of rigid and revolting formulæ without one solid principle to support them. His mother, poor thing, could only weep when the inquiring mind broached its doubts, but Gibbon and Goethe were not so reticent. What opportunity had truth to enter here? To true Christianity Carlyle was blind; whether because he could not, or because he would not, open his eyes, God alone knows. Yet he clung faithfully to Theism, and always spoke with scorn of the scientific materialism of the day, though many of its professors were his friends.

After the Philosopher, the Poet. Allingham knew Tennyson well, whilst the former was stationed at Lymington, and there is much that is extremely interesting from a literary point of view in their recorded intercourse. In Tennyson's case too, the seeds of infidelity were sown in early youth. His father, so we are told, an Anglican clergyman, would never read the Athanasian creed, an attitude towards dogma which must necessarily have influenced his son. But long before Allingham met the poet, his creed was already that of the After-Christian. At their first meeting

Saturday, June 28, 1851. . . . Over our port we talked of grave matters. T. said his belief rested on two things, a "Chief Intelligence and Immortality."—"I could not eat my dinner without a belief in Immortality. If I didn't believe in that I'd go down immediately and jump off Richmond Bridge."

Wednesday, November 1, 1865. . . . "Time is nothing," said T., "are we not all part of Deity?" "Pantheism?" hinted Barnes, who was not at ease in this sort of speculation. "Well!" said T., "I think I believe in Pantheism, of a sort."

Friday, January 24, 1867. . . . I said I felt happy to-day, but he—"I am not at all happy—very unhappy." He spoke of immortality and virtue—man's pettiness—"Sometimes I have a kind of hope." His anxiety has always been great to get some real insight into the nature and prospects of the Human Race. He asks every person that seems the least likely to help him in this, reads every book. When *Vestiges of Creation* appeared he gathered from the talk about it that it came nearer to an explanation than anything before it. T. got the volume, and (he said to me) "I trembled as I cut the leaves." But alas! neither was satisfaction there.

To lay aside the New Testament and ask for light from *Vestiges of Creation*! A characteristically After-Christian practice, finding a fitting climax in the poet's theatrically-arranged death-bed, so revolting to the Christian sentiment of the land, where a volume of Shakespeare took the place of the Holy Scriptures. Allingham remarks later:—

Friday, February 1, 1867. T. is unhappy from his uncertainty regarding the condition and destiny of man. Is it dispiriting to find a great poet with no better grounds of comfort than a common person? At first it is. But how should the case be otherwise? The poet has only the same materials of sensation and thought as ordinary mortals. . . The secret is kept from one and all of us.

Not, let us hope, from those who accept God's unfolding of it. Tennyson constantly reiterates his two formulæ of belief.

November 3, Sunday, 1872. Tennyson calls with Knowles. . . . Talk—Immortality. F. Harrison in *Fortnightly*.

T. "If I ceased to believe in any chance of another life, and of a great Personality somewhere in the universe, I should not care a pin for anything. People must have some religion."

K. "I said to Manning: 'We're all coming back to you by-and-by.'"

T. "I have often thought the day of Rome would come again."

A. "We ought at least to try and hinder the worst absurdities from coming back!"

The great recuperative power of the Catholic Church must have been a source of irritation to those who looked on her disappearance as a condition of progress. It is strange that they never thought of applying Gamaliel's test of a Divine work, permanence in face of a hostile world.

We have glimpses of other After-Christians, of Rossetti, of whom Allingham says, "There are traces of superstition noticeable in him, none of religion;" of W. Morris, who said of the question of belief in God, "It's so unimportant, it seems to me;" of Huxley and Tyndall, and other professed agnostics. Regarding the last-named, Tennyson in the *Diary* relates:

December 5, 1884. . . . Gladstone and Tyndall were sitting at my table. . . . Tyndall began talking in his loose way about "This Poem—or Poetic Idea—God." Gladstone looked at him and said with severity, "Professor Tyndall, leave God to the Poets and Philosophers, and attend to your own business." Tyndall fell quite silent for several minutes.

If Christianity is a delusion, at any rate it brings a sunshine into life which the merely natural religion of these After-Christians is powerless to produce. They were great men in the world's eyes, wealth and honour were theirs, but their ignorance of truth, their mental bewilderment, their moral confusion, poisoned the very springs of life within them. They resemble astronomers who should set aside telescope, spectro-scope, and all the wonderful appliances of modern science, and seek to probe the mysteries of the heavens with the primitive apparatus of the Chaldaeans. To us, their strange and sad condition makes certain facts regarding God's Providence strikingly clear. The chief of these is that God will not violate human freedom; man must come to Him willingly or not at all. *Qui creavit te sine te, non te salvabit sine te.* God's gifts are without repentance, and He will not take back that supreme prerogative of our nature, wherein we most resemble Him, our power of self-determination, of rational choice. If the adult, therefore, does not want faith when its motives come clearly before him, and does not ask for it, God will not thrust it upon him.

The second fact is that pride and prejudice, ignorance and passion, willingly entertained and fostered, form a medium too dense for the rays of truth to penetrate. Many men, therefore, are morally incapable of perceiving them, however brightly they shine. The culpability of such persons is measured by their share in producing that incapacity: generally speaking, deafness to the voice of God, within us or without, brings in its train spiritual blindness and dumbness as well, inability to pray, to desire, and to see.

Lastly God having chosen to work through secondary causes, does not Himself miraculously supply the defects of those causes. Though each rational individual is ultimately responsible for the state of his own soul, and will be judged according to his conscience, yet God does not commonly upset the course of nature in order to secure that equal chances of salvation shall be offered to everyone. The ignorance or folly or criminal indifference of parents, may wofully jeopardize their children's spiritual chances. God sees that no one should be actually the *cause* of another's final ruin, but He may permit him to be the *occasion*.

We cannot question the wisdom of God's dealings with men, but we can, and we ought to suit our own conduct to

them. No greater calamity can be imagined for the world than the spread of After-Christianity, and we Christians must do all in our power to check it. The return of the world to paganism, or mere natural religion, would bring back in tenfold horror all the corruptions of pre-Christian civilization. The picture of the world's old age, with its prosperous and happy non-Christian populations, recently imagined by a well-known writer,¹ is, we believe, historically incredible. The loss of the Christian ideal would mean the total overthrow of even material civilization.

J. K.

¹ See *The Lord of the World*, by Father R. H. Benson.

A Pilgrim of Eternity.

VIII. THE GREAT PASSIONAL.

THERE is a sameness in the English houses, which shelter clerks and working people, when they are getting on well. We meet two or three steps; then, the narrow hall and, on one side, the best room, with needlework, oleographs, and albums. A step or two further, and on the same side, there is a sharp corner, where the wall recedes a little to make room for the staircase on our other hand. In the wall beyond the corner, a moment's fumbling will find the door-handle of a little room for visitors and meals; and beyond it, steams the kitchen. But the little fellow I wanted to see lived overhead; so I had to climb the steep, creaking staircase. As I went up, the poor widow told me she had let her front rooms to a couple who were only just married, so they would not often quarrel, and they would not mind it very much, if the children did make a little noise; but the young woman was giving herself airs and graces, and not taking care of the furniture though it was on the hire system. The back apartment upstairs served the widow and her children for bedroom, the tiny room over the kitchen being given to the little consumptive in honour of his illness.

Lionel was very cheerful, said his mother, opening the door as I went into his room. The bed was placed near the window; so he could get a glimpse of the trampled cabbages in the garden, and see the trim potato plants next door, and sometimes he could nod back to the neighbour and his wife, when they came out to lean over the fence, and to gossip with the family on the other side of them. The little fellow was now lying back, quite tired; but when he saw his mother, his face brightened; and turning to me, he said, "Thank you. It is a beautiful day. Would you please tell mother not to bother about me," and in quite the grand manner he waved his thin white hand. His mother looked at him with a smile on her lips and tears in her eyes.

When she had gone, he said I looked very tired. He told me he had been thinking. One afternoon, at the Unitarian Sunday School, their minister had spoken of the way every one could change his life into a poem, and make each day a beautiful line in it. He, poor boy, had been counting, and found he had lived more than five thousand days. When he was well again, added he, brightening under the consumptive's illusion, he would try to make his days beautiful; and he looked towards a vase of faded grasses and a grocer's coloured almanac, his mother's gifts. As my friend, his minister, had suggested the visit I felt I could act freely; and I gave the lad a little print of the Sistine Madonna. "It is beautiful," he said, "yes; everything is beautiful; and sometimes I watch the clouds and the leaves, and wonder why they are so beautiful."

Then I acted somewhat on impulse, and gave him a card of the Sacred Heart. "I don't quite know what it means," he said, "but I know what the Cross is; and I suppose the flame stands for love." I promised to call again soon. As I went out, the stairs were transformed; the hall seemed enlarged; and everything had changed as in a fairy tale.

As the good woman opened the door, she stood in the way, to enjoy the one luxury of her life, a little gossip. She said she liked the minister, because he listened to people. Sometimes, instead of Sunday school, the children had an afternoon service for themselves, when they were expected to behave just like grown people; and her own would cry, if she kept them at home. They were quite old-fashioned, since they went to that place; but she would never go there again if the minister left. She could not understand all he said; and sometimes, when she was at her Monday washing, she would think over the sermon and wonder what it meant. But it seemed to make things brighter.

She had managed to go there the evening before, when he was preaching about Art. He spoke of the Cathedral, and the great mass of stone, set to hold and charm the eye and the mind's eye by its form and fulness, two words evidently imprinted on her memory by their alliteration. It was not merely for use, like a warehouse, nor to display ornament, like a fashionable theatre, nor to provide comfort, like a modern palace, but to embody an idea. Then he compared it with some great statue, which showed less material, but more

command over it, as well as a fuller thought. Next, it was some great picture by a man with a foreign name; and there, the material was only a piece of canvas and some clays: but the meaning was the union of Heaven and Earth. Then he explained the voluntary, played at the beginning; and he showed Wagner had taken sounds, that are everywhere in the world, and made them full of the soul's longing.

Afterwards, she continued, he repeated a little poem to show that, like architecture and sculpture, it had form; like painting, it had colour; and like music, it had melody. Besides it was the most spiritual of all, for the meaning was almost divine, and the material was almost nothing in comparison. It had many rules, but not stiff rules, only beautiful ways of making beautiful things more beautiful. She liked to listen to it all, for she had been a school teacher before she married. Then, looking down at her ring, her eyes filled, her lips quivered, and hastily thanking me, she went back to her washtub.

As I walked away I said my beads. While the Joyful Mysteries were passing through my mind I tried to picture their wonderful scenes, "The Angel and the Virgin," "The Two Mothers," "Our Lady and her Child," "The Lord in His Temple," "The Child Rabbi;" and then I became deeply conscious of the poetic splendour in our Lady's *Triumph Ode*, the *Hymn of the Angels*, and the *Song of Simeon*. I wondered why I had not heard much about it; but perhaps some are more inclined to dissect and reason than to form a picture or a theme from many elements, fused in the fire of intense emotion. Their very strength becomes a weakness; for if we indulge overmuch in abstract thought our imagination pales, and the world around becomes unreal. But the imaginative declare that poetry opens the full flower of human life, flooding it with sunshine, defining its form, robing it in colour, and thrilling it with lofty emotion till the heart throbs in the rhythm of the universe.

Old and tired, I was glad to wait in the High Street for an omnibus, and rode to a point from which I could easily reach the Catholic church. On my way I began to understand the dreaming and the baffled hope in the faces of so many people. Opposite me, and continually reading the eyes of the child on her lap, sat a poor woman whom I would hardly have noticed another time, but who now seemed hungry for all her fathers had lost in losing the Faith. I felt too weak to break the

barrier between us ; but when at last I reached the door of the church, the holy water and the memorials of the departed comforted me with the thought that after all I was only one poor instrument of Invincible and Infallible Love.

As I left the church I remembered my friend's rooms were quite near ; and so I thought I would leave a message for him. He happened to be at home, and busily preparing a sermon on the fifty-third chapter of *Isaiah*. He had made an exact translation, in which he had tried to preserve the simplicity and directness of the original, though he confessed it beyond him to retain all the colouring and concrete imagery, or the lyrical passion which breaks through the language. For his own part, he felt like a mere critic, standing before a creative work he could never grasp or fully value. And then he could not but remember that the ages of art were the ages of faith, while those of criticism were mendicants, wrapped in worn clothes, chattering, and making a fire of stolen coals to warm some fragments from the feasts of heroes. He reminded me that the great Gregory had a vision of the Church, in which She appeared as a glorious spirit of music, writing beautiful anthems, and folding her children in a mantle embroidered with symphonies.

Hebrew poetry, he continued, is the poetry of sublime passion, the quintessential will and longing of the soul for the living God. There is no drama, for the *Canticles* must now be explained as a series of songs. There is no epic, for the *Book of Job* does not describe an epoch or events, external to the human soul ; and its whole action is told in prose at the beginning and the end. There is little or no speculative philosophy and reasoned analysis ; for its whole world lives in the Divine Presence, and is thrilled with enthusiasm for the Divine will.

As to rules, the Jews themselves knew of none, except that certain poems should be written in lines. Some European students had tried to impose metres upon the Hebrew text, but it was only possible to do so in short passages and by changing the words ; so that such attempts were good illustrations of courage in altering facts to suit theories. One man had asserted that ancient poems of the Old Testament were written in the epic measure of Greece, and that Homer learned his metre from Moses. Another, at the close of the seventeenth century, published some psalms and chapters in which he

claimed to unfold the Hebrew principles of versification ; but for the full revelation of the secret he required that six thousand persons should each pay five pounds for his two volumes. Others had tried to identify the Hebrew method with those Syriac forms, in which the lines contain a certain number of syllables. Others pointed to Arabic rhymes or the Greek arrangement of long and short syllables ; but in doing so they looked away from the historical index, which pointed to Accadia, Babylon, and Assyria, where poetry wore a robe like her Hebrew garment. There, if a rule existed, it only determined the number of accents to be observed in the chanting. And so much would be sufficient to explain the theory derived by St. Jerome, Eusebius, and Origen, from Josephus and Philo, that Hebrew poetry ran in measures of three or four or five or six feet.

The true form of Hebrew song, said my friend, depended on the sense, the line ending with the natural pause, and two or three lines forming one verse. Much had been written on the relation between those lines ; and in many psalms it would appear they were sung alternately, the one choir singing the first line, and the other responding with the second, to the same effect, or in contrast, or for completion of the narrative, or to carry the theme to a higher level. The form, therefore, has been known as parallelism, Latin and English versions often separating the two parallel members of the verse by a colon. But many poems were not choral ; and sometimes one verse contained three parallels, the fiftieth chapter of *Isaiah* offering two good examples. Turning to the passage, he said the opening of the ear referred to the boring it with an awl when a man so loved his master that he insisted on becoming his slave for ever. Then my friend read the words :

*My Lord, the Eternal, opened my ear ;
And I, I did not disobey ;
Nor did I turn backward.*

*I gave my back to smiters ;
And my cheeks to snatchers ;
And I did not hide my face from shames and spittle.*

Perhaps, he added slowly, among the Old Testament poems, there is none which so combines ancient interest in the world around with modern interest in the soul within, kindling both

with sublime passion for God as the *Great Passional*, forming the fifty-third chapter of *Isaiah*. The prelude is found in the conclusion of the preceding chapter; and its first verse is of simple parallels.

*Behold, My Slave shall act wisely :
He shall rise, and be lifted and greatly exalted.*

But between the next parallels, another couple is inserted in eager explanation. It would have read,

*Inasmuch as many were amazed at Thee :
So shall He sprinkle many nations upon Him.*

This was sufficiently difficult in itself; and many attempts had been made to explain away the sprinkling, some translating it as "startle," and others as "scatter." But in every other place, the Hebrew word meant to "sprinkle;" and in reference to the Levites, the eighth chapter of *Numbers* contained a command, "sprinkle cleansing water upon them," the sentence being constructed like *Isaiah's*, which would have been held ordinary Hebrew, if it had referred to the sprinkling of water upon the Slave. The whole of the *Great Passional* often echoed the Levitical law of purification, especially the ritual for the Great Day of Atonement; so it would seem, that "sprinkling many nations upon Him," referred to the drops of blood, covering the Victim, and expiating for the many, who stood amazed at His humiliation. The passage changes from address to narrative, because of the parallels now included.

*Inasmuch as many were amazed at Thee—
His aspect was so wasted, more than man :
And His form, more than sons of man—
So shall He sprinkle many nations upon Him.*

Then the prelude concluded with three parallels, two of them to the same effect, explaining the awe and silence of kings in the presence of triumphant failure.

*Kings shall stop their mouth ;
For they have seen, what was not told them ;
And they have understood, what they did not hear.*

Such, he told me, was the first of the five stanzas into which the Song was divided; and like the lines, Hebrew stanzas were distinguished by a pause in the sense, or a change of subject

or, in the alphabetical psalms, by the first letter of the first word. But as in some Syriac poems, the number of words in the line, and the number of lines in the stanza, might vary. The *Great Passional*, however, could easily be divided according to the different speakers. The prelude had been God's proclamation over His Slave. Then the faithful among Israel looked upon one another, and asked,

*Who believed, what we heard ?
And over Whom was the Eternal's arm revealed ?*

*And He grew as a sapling before Him :
And as a root from dry ground.*

*He had no form and no honour ; and we saw Him :
And no aspect, and we desired Him.*

*Despised, and forlorn of men :
Man of pains, and known of sickness.*

*And despised, as concealing His Face from us :
And we did not esteem Him.*

The confession of the faithful that they had desired the Sufferer seemed in contrast to the cry of those who had desired Barabbas. And to my question, whether the word had a definite reference, my friend answered that it appeared to be connected with Messiah's title, the "Desire of all Nations." But I suggested that when it was said the Desire of all Nations shall come, the verb was in the plural, and how then could the Desired be one person? He replied, the grammatical construction in that sentence by Haggai was paralleled in the second chapter of *Jeremiah*, where the blood of lives was said to be found in the skirt of Jerusalem. The expression in *Jeremiah* ran, "there was found the blood of lives," and the verb was in the plural form, though it referred to the blood, and not to the lives. So the sentence in *Haggai* reads, "there shall come the Desire of all nations;" and again, the verb is in the plural, though it refers to the Desire and not to the nations. The Jews who made the Old Greek translation rendered the word for "Desire" as a plural; but in the Hebrew text the form was undoubtedly singular. And the Hebrew text, both in the manuscripts and printed editions, is supported by the tradition of the Jews, whose doctors inserted the vowels required by the singular form. As to the passage in *Isaiah*, he continued, every Jew and churchman

alike originally regarded it as a description of the Messiah. Ibn Ezra, who commented on the prophet in the twelfth century, acknowledged that many Israelites so understood the poem. Yet he himself encountered difficulties in such phrases as "despised and forlorn of men." But he found beauty, and took refuge in the suggestion of the Gaon, or Chief Teacher, Rabbi Saadiah, who in the tenth century had explained it of Jeremiah. But the whole passage could not be adapted to that prophet; nor was it more applicable to Josiah, or the nation, or the prophets, however much their claims were being urged in modern times; for it clearly sang of an individual whose suffering and death would atone for the sins of the people.

In order to make the prophecy relevant to the time of its delivery, it was not necessary to find some man of that time to whom it might refer, for Israel looked towards a Messiah, to whom, indeed, one of the Passover prayers ascribed the doom and glory unfolded in this pleading:

*Make speed, my Beloved, till the end of the vision dawn:
Hasten, and the shadows shall flee hence.*

*High and lifted and exalted shall be He, the Despised:
He shall act wisely, and reprove, and sprinkle many.*

The concealing of the face was the mark of a leper; and a Talmud treatise said that Messiah's name is the Leper of Rabbi's House. But to avoid the conclusion drawn by Christians, the Jews of our third century applied the words to their nation. Others indeed expected that Judah would give them a glorious Messiah, the Son of David, but held His Advent would be heralded by a warrior Messiah, the son of Joseph, that is, of Ephraim, and representing the Ten Tribes. Then to the latter, they attributed the sufferings foretold of the Deliverer.

The next stanza, continued my friend, voiced the repentant nation, confessing its apostacy, and saying:

*Surely He, He lifted our sicknesses:
And our pains, He bore them.*

*And we, we regarded Him as struck:
Beaten down of God, and afflicted.*

*And He, pierced in consequence of our transgressions:
Broken in consequence of our perversities.*

*Chastisement unto our peace was upon Him:
And in His scar, He was healed for us.*

*We, all of us, erred, like the flock :
We turned, each to his own way.*

*And in Him, the Eternal mediated
The perversity of us all.*

My friend paused a moment, and I wondered how the prophecy was influencing his outlook ; but he began to praise the perfection of the poetry. "See," said he, "what grandeur of repose embosoms the flood of emotion. Every word moves to the one end, forming a living poem, and not a corpse or a mosaic. There is neither the confusion of excitement, nor the detailed description of cold observation ; but the eternal significance of the event is unfolded and seen in its own essential beauty. No effort is made to please, or teach, or preach ; and therefore the whole soul of the singer can appeal to the whole soul of the listener, and charm his power of loving and knowing and acting, until he lose all base fear in awe, and all feeble pity in heroic sympathy. Then, a man can resolve to live a poem, though all true poetry is a rhythm of tears ; and if that mood were permanent, he could mould his soul as a work of art worthy of Heaven."

"Ah," said I, "the only work of human art in Heaven is the Five Wounds of the Slave."

Then my friend paused a little longer than usual. He was looking away, as if meditating. Recalling himself, he apologized, and said : "Where was I ? We were discussing the beauty of this poem. Its sweep is universal, both in appeal and in material. No man but may hear it, for the poetry is not embodied in the words, but in the pictures awakened in the mind ; and in them it has found an art medium more spiritual than stone, or clays, or waves of air. None of the less essential elements, measure and rhyme, is employed ; and so the song can be translated directly into any speech. But it is also universal in its material. We admire the painter's skill that revealed the beauty in his mother's worn and wrinkled face ; and it was more than a stroke of power which enlarged his art beyond the limit of regular forms. It was the sympathy of soul with soul. Nor was there a mere accident when the musician introduced discords among his harmonies, and transformed them in the whole symphony. But where do we see the body's pang and the soul's grief made so beautiful as in this poem ?"

"In the crucifix," I said.

After a moment, he resumed the translation, and read the stanza in which the prophet announces his people's rebellion and the death, burial, and resurrection life of the Slave :

*He was oppressed :
And He was afflicted.*

*And He will not open His mouth :
As the lamb will be brought to the slaughter.*

*And as a ewe was dumb before her shearers :
And He will not open His mouth.*

*He was taken from prison :
And from judgment.*

*And who will consider His period :
For He was cut off from the land of life.*

*In consequence of my people's transgression,
The stroke was His.*

*And one gave wicked men as His grave :
And a rich man in His murder.*

*Though He did no violence :
And fraud was not in His mouth.*

*And the Eternal willed to break Him :
He made Him sick.*

*If Thou shalt make His soul a guilt-offering,
He shall see seed.*

*And He shall lengthen days :
And the Eternal's will shall prosper in His hand.*

I asked if the passage as to the rich man was accurately translated, and my friend assured me that he had throughout tried to follow the Hebrew word for word as far as possible, even to repeating the word "and," though he might have used other signs of connection. But the difficulty of explaining the text had led some to attempt alterations in it. One man, indeed, had changed the Hebrew word for a "rich man" into the Aramaic word for a "deceiver." Others had tried to translate the original by "proud" or "oppressor," alleging that Orientals regarded rich men in that light. Yet these men do not hesitate to translate the word as "a rich man" in every other place, whether in Nathan's parable, or when Ruth is praised for not following the young, a poor or a rich man ; and they render its verbal form accurately, when it is used in the fifteenth of *Job* to deny that the wicked tyrant shall become rich. And as to the phrase, "in His death," it was, literally, "in His deaths," an

intense expression, which was used in *Ezekiel*, where it apparently meant, "in his murder." Poetically, the sign for "of" might be rendered "after;" for the phrase, "in death," occurred in the sixth Psalm, where the absence of remembrance in death clearly implied "after death," as it could not mean "in the act of dying." And so our version might well be, "one will give Him a rich man after his murder."

Then, I suggested that men were still repeating the question of the Ethiopian treasurer, "Of whom does the prophet say this?" And yet it all seemed evident enough, if we only considered that Pilate had first given our Lord to be buried in the burial-place of criminals, but after the Crucifixion, had assigned Him Joseph of Arimathea as guardian. My friend remained silent, buried in thought, till I asked him to read me the last stanza. Hesitating a little, and saying it was intended as God's Conclusion, he proceeded to read the translation :

*In consequence of His Soul's toil, He shall see :
He shall be satisfied by His knowledge.*

*Righteous, My Slave, shall make the many righteous :
And He, He shall bear their perversities.*

*Therefore I will apportion the many to Him :
And He will apportion strong ones as spoil.*

*Because He exposed His Soul to the death :
And was numbered with transgressors.*

*And He, He lifted the error of many :
And will mediate for the transgressors.*

Then my friend offered me the slips, from which I have copied these translations. I thanked him, and as I rose to leave he detained me a moment to say how simple everything must be to a Catholic who really understands the position of the Church, but conversion seemed very hard. I agreed there was one great difficulty in the venturing all for the unknown. It was not the venture alone, he answered. He had made one when he left the Anglican ministry for the Unitarian. But there were those who trusted him, and he would be a coward to abandon them. "But then," I said, "they may find the fulness of life, if you lead. The Slave ventured, and saved many." Fearing lest my words had been too urgent, I added, smiling, "I am old—near my grave—and yet I think I shall hear your first Mass."

M. N.

The "Orsini" Outrage, January, 1858.

ON January 15, 1858, all Europe was ringing with the news of a terrible and, up to that date, unprecedented crime which had been perpetrated in Paris on the evening previous. An attempt had been made upon the life of the Emperor Napoleon III., which unsuccessful as regards the object aimed at, had nevertheless resulted in widespread death and desolation. Few crimes of the like nature, not even the murder of President Lincoln, and of Czar Alexander II. of Russia have created a sensation so profound as did "the Orsini Conspiracy," as it came to be termed, and none have exercised a greater influence upon the course of human affairs. It differed in its essential features from any previous attempt of the kind, inasmuch as it furnished the earliest instance of the employment by political assassins of high explosives in place of the pistol, the dagger or the poisoned bowl, and in the fact that, instead of aiming solely at the individual sought to be destroyed, they did not hesitate, in order to compass their object, to put to the hazard the lives of any number of others against whom they bore no grudge. Indirectly, the outrage brought about the fall of a British Ministry; gave the initial impulse to our great national Volunteer movement; and led up to that series of great wars which, within the space of a few years, so completely changed the map of Europe.

There are doubtless many still living in our midst whose memory will recall the time when sympathy with the patriots of Italy went out freely from this country. The Italian question, then clearly approaching a crisis, was indeed the absorbing subject of public discourse and private conversation, even when the terrible episodes of the Indian Mutiny pressed so heavily on the minds of all. Such feelings were intensified by the publication in London, during the year 1857, of a volume entitled, *In Austrian Dungeons*. The author, Felice Orsini,

although still quite a young man, had again and again been laid by the heels and become the inmate of an Austrian dungeon, and ran many a narrow escape of his life. His whole career indeed had been of peril and suffering, incurred in the cause of his country's freedom. In the March of 1856, after having been for more than three years closely immured in the prison of San Giorgio at Mantua, he had effected a daring escape, and eventually reached safe asylum in England. In this country he found sympathizers and even friends in plenty, making the acquaintance, among others, of G. J. Holyoake, Joseph Cowen, Walter Savage Landor, Thomas Alsop, and Peter Stuart. By the veteran, Mr. Holyoake, who died on January 20, 1906, at the age of eighty-nine, we were informed in his *Sixty years of an Agitator's Life*, that it was by his advice that Orsini offered his MS. to Messrs. Routledge, who soon after gave it to the world; and that, at a later date, and in perfect innocence of the purpose for which they were intended, he had acted as his agent in arranging for the manufacture in Birmingham of the bombs which were employed in the Paris outrage. During the spring and summer of 1857, accompanied by two or three other of his compatriots and Dr. Simon Bernard, a refugee French Republican, Orsini made a tour through the provinces, delivering lectures upon the subject of Italy's wrongs and aspirations, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and other industrial centres. Misled by the enthusiasm with which he was received, he at first jumped to the conclusion that active assistance for another rising in his native country would be forthcoming. When disillusioned on that score by his English friends, he abandoned his platform propaganda and, in seclusion, devoted his energies to the weaving of that plot which was destined to lead him to the scaffold. Strongly imbued with the idea that it was the French Emperor who constituted the most formidable impediment to Italian freedom, or at all events the one who could help and would not, he determined to make an effort to remove that monarch from the path. At the time, and for long after, a story was current to the effect that Napoleon was singled out for vengeance as a renegade—when quite a youth, in the days of his exile he had become a member of that famous secret society, the Carbonari, and as such had sworn fealty to the Italian cause. Thus the popular notion was that, approached by Orsini and his compatriots, and asked to fulfil his pledges, he had refused, and was therefore devoted to destruc-

tion. For this romantic story there was no real foundation, inasmuch as Orsini had never been a member of that brotherhood, and was but an infant when the Emperor had been initiated. Towards the end of 1857, Orsini and two of his fellow-countrymen, without taking into their confidence any of their English friends, slipped quietly away from London and out of the country.

On the evening of the 14th January, 1858, the Rue de Lepelletier was crowded with Parisians, eager to obtain a sight of their Emperor and Empress, who were making a State visit to the Opera. When the Imperial *cortège* was within a few yards of the grand entrance, the air was suddenly rent with the noise of a deafening explosion, and filled with dense and pungent smoke and fragments of jagged metal. To the acclamations of the multitude there succeeded the groans and pitiful cries for succour of men, women, and children stretched mutilated and bleeding upon the roadway and footpaths. As soon as it was possible, in any degree, to realize what had happened, an appalling spectacle was disclosed. Although the Emperor and Empress had both, as it were, by a miracle escaped unscathed, the havoc among the escort and spectators by the bombs was fearful. Ten persons, including a General in the Army, were killed outright, being almost literally torn to pieces, and no fewer than five hundred and sixteen others injured, a large proportion of them very seriously; a terrible holocaust, and yet all in vain. Recognized in the crowd, near the scene of the catastrophe, Orsini, with several companions, was speedily arrested, and the assassins were put on their trial for murder ten days later. Orsini, as the actual thrower of the bombs—a fact he did not attempt to deny—with Pierri and Rudio as accessories, were condemned to death, and the two former, on the 13th of March, went to the guillotine without betraying any remorse, thus expiating one of the most terrible political crimes of modern history.

Singularly enough, the immediate political effects of the outrage were less apparent in France than in England; indeed, for the moment, the position of the Emperor appeared rather to be strengthened than otherwise, and from official and military circles, at least, there proceeded a violent outburst of wrath directed against "perfidious Albion." Pursuant to instructions

from his Government, Count Walewski, the French Ambassador, at once made representations to the then Premier, Lord Palmerston, that Frenchmen smarted under the conviction that the whole vile plot had been concocted on British soil, with the connivance and aid of certain other refugees in London, and, further, that the British Government was morally responsible. At the same time, many of the congratulatory addresses to the Emperor from the Army contained passages in reference to England of the most insolent and provocative character, one, indeed, going so far as to say that its signatories "wished for nothing so ardently as the command to pursue the wretches even to their lair in London, that hotbed of villainy." Thus urged, Lord Palmerston took one of the few false steps of his long, popular, and successful career, by the introduction of the celebrated "Conspiracy to Murder" Bill. Both political parties took common cause against legislation dictated from abroad, and rejected the second reading by a majority so decisive that the Cabinet at once resigned, and Lord Derby formed a new Ministry. Never was a fall more sudden, unexpected, and complete. Already, however, on the 14th February, had the Government ordered the arrest and prosecution of Dr. Bernard on a charge of inciting to murder, to the no small indignation of the public. The trial of the French doctor at the Old Bailey, extending over six days during the following April, proved one of the most sensational of modern State trials, popular feeling running strongly in favour of the accused, who disclaimed all knowledge of Orsini's foul plot. Finally, swayed chiefly, it was believed, by the eloquent and impassioned appeal of his able defender, Edwin James, "not to be intimidated by the 600,000 French bayonets which urged forward the prosecution," the jury returned a verdict of acquittal amidst a remarkable scene of popular enthusiasm. The result was decisive; no further prosecutions were attempted, nor could have been, in face of the public temper. For some time further, a good deal of bluster emanated from the other side of the Channel, the only result of which was the awakening of Britons to the necessity of efficient defence of our shores. The most striking outcome of this wave of feeling was that great Volunteer movement which, starting a few months later, soon placed more than 150,000 of our citizens in arms.

R. SEYMOUR RAMSDALE.

Newman and Campion: a Comparison and a Contrast.

PART II.

WHEN Campion was trying to persuade himself against his conscience to be content with letters, the statutes of the University required him to read the ancient authorities of the Church. St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei*, St. Gregory's *Moralia*, the *Commentaries* of St. Jerome, and the *Homilies* of St. John Chrysostom, were not calculated to suffer him to go blindly to his ruin ; but their effect were best described in the graphic words of his biographer and friend, Father Parsons :

One thing there was among all the rest that did hold his deliberation in suspense, which was the reading of the works of certain ancient Fathers of the Primitive Church ; for that whatsoever one of us had heard or conceived in the whole day for pulling out the thorn of conscience or for smoothing the way to be Protestant, either by good-fellowship and conversation with Protestants themselves, or by hearing their sermons or reading their books, or the like, all this was dashed soon after again by one hour's reading of some book or treatise of the old holy doctors, and the wound of our conscience was made again so green and grievous as ever before by that which in every leaf and page we should find to be spoken by those holy men, either of virtue or austerity of life, or of questions and matters of controversies, and that so directly for the Catholic religion, and most perspicuously against all that the Protestants did either teach or practise, as if these ancient Fathers had lived and seen their dealings and had been their open adversaries in these our days.

With regard to Newman, every reader, either of his *Apologia* or of *Letters and Correspondence*, is well aware how he looked up to the Fathers as his guiding stars. As early as the autumn of 1816 "he was nothing short of enamoured of the long extracts from St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, and the other Fathers," which he found in Milner's *Church History*. In his war with Liberalism the Fathers became at once his battle-axe and his shield. Bishop Bull, for the reason that

he confidently claimed antiquity as the basis of the theology of the Church of England, was the divine before all others in whom Newman put his trust. On Campion the Fathers exerted a moral influence. Newman drew from them his creed: they enlarged his view, they shattered his many strong prejudices, they disabused him of much heretical doctrine and taught him truths which he had firmly believed to be foreign to the Christian religion. It is true there were other powers which helped to draw Newman Romewards. Such, to give but one instance, was the influence of his friends Hurrell Froude, Keble, Pusey, and William George Ward. When, however, each propelling force in Newman's conversion is assigned its true value, it must be granted that the Fathers exercised so predominating a sway that every other power may be by comparison discounted. To the Fathers Newman owed his belief in such essential doctrines as the Apostolical Succession, the Canonicity of Scripture, Tradition, the Sacramental system, and the agency of the angels. And more than this—it was the Fathers who taught him to unlearn that the Pope was anti-Christ, that the invocation of saints was idolatrous, that the Church of Rome ran into heresy at the Council of Trent, that antiquity was the absolute criterion of orthodoxy. Of course all this was the tuition of years, but long before Newman saw whither the Fathers were taking him, those interested in the Oxford Movement predicted its inevitable termination. "A cry was heard on all sides," writes Newman, "that the Tracts and the writings of the Fathers would lead us to become Catholics before we were aware of it." But Newman did not fear the Church of Rome: what he feared was the "anti-dogmatic principle" of the Liberals, and with piercing insight he foresaw that if the Church of England could not be proved to be the Church of the Fathers, she could not be a Church at all. Wherefore Newman "thought that the Church of England was substantially founded on them [the Fathers]."

I did not know [he adds], all that the Fathers had said, but I felt that, even when their tenets happened to differ from the Anglican, no harm could come of reporting them. . . . If there was anything in the Fathers of a startling character, this would only be for a time: it would admit of an explanation, or it might suggest something profitable to Anglicans: it could not lead to Rome.

The more others mistrusted, the stronger became Newman's confidence in the ancient exponents and defenders of Christian faith. As great as Newman's pride in his Church was his love for her: not a word did he either write or speak out of any vain or ambitious motive: he was too deeply in earnest: he gave his Church his whole-hearted service: she was in danger, he would rescue her whatever the sacrifice. The reliance which Newman placed on the Fathers, the courage with which he put forward their teaching, caused him not only an addition of enemies but a loss of friends—they even gave rise to a partial misunderstanding between him and his mother, and that at the close of her life—nevertheless he must suffer rather than that his cause should lose. With a humility so lowly, a purity of intention so untainted, Newman was the kind of ground in which the seed sown by the Fathers was likely to yield a hundred-fold. It is no wonder that he gradually grew to admire, then to respect, and at last to love the Roman Church. The time had now passed when he thought that the Church of England was alone the true embodiment of Christian belief: indeed, his mind had advanced so far as to acknowledge the claim of Catholicism to be the tree of truth, of which he held the English Church to be a branch, living and fruitful, yet nothing more than a branch. Eventually in 1839 he was confronted with a fearful dilemma.

It is difficult [writes Newman, describing his perplexity], to make out how the Eutychians or Monophysites were heretics unless Protestants and Anglicans were heretics also: difficult to find arguments against the Tridentine Fathers which did not tell against the Fathers of Chalcedon: difficult to condemn the Popes of the sixteenth century without condemning the Popes of the fifth. . . . There was an awful similitude, more awful because so silent and unimpassioned, between the dead records of the past and the feverish chronicle of the present.

Just at that moment Cardinal Wiseman's historic article, drawing a parallelism between the Donatists and the Anglicans, appeared in the *Dublin Review*. "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum*"—if the familiar maxim of St. Augustine, quoted by the Cardinal, was slow to make an impression on Newman's mind, it at last struck him

with a power which he had never felt from any words before. . . . By those great words of the ancient Father, interpreting and summing up the long and various course of ecclesiastical history, the theory of the *Via Media* was absolutely pulverized.

Following up the attack of St. Augustine came St. Leo, to cut off, as it were, all chance of retreat. In his *Prophetical Office* Newman had striven to give an "inventory of the treasure" of the Church of England—she boasted "a vast inheritance," imparted to her from the "primitive doctrine of the ancient Truth" and "the original principles of the Gospel." As a matter of fact the Anglican divines, who had deceived themselves, had also succeeded in deceiving Newman. Prescription may make plunder honest property, but the Church of Rome had never waived her rights to the sole possession of the priceless truth: she had ever reminded the purloiners of the Reformation that what they have of truth is hers, indisputably hers, and what they have of heresy is theirs, absolutely theirs. Leo voiced the Church once more, and Newman was constrained to admit that the Anglican divines, as he himself put it, had taken him in. Ten years and more had Newman laboured, at first hopefully, later against hope, only to find, at last, in despair that he "who had thrown his whole mind against the anti-dogmatic principle, was now doing more than any one else to promote it."

The long period of doubt is now soon to end: a few months and all misgiving is to vanish from Newman's mind for ever. In his retreat at Littlemore Newman is spending many hours each day on his *Essay on Development*. The idea of doctrinal development had been suggested to his mind by his study of the Arians as far back as 1832. His subsequent reading of the Fathers had gradually perfected the notion, till the conviction forced itself upon him. "I am far more certain (according to the Fathers) that we are in a state of culpable separation than that developments do not exist under the Gospel, and that the Roman developments are not the true ones." The *Essay* ended abruptly, and Newman joined the Church of the Fathers.

That Newman and Campion should give their estimate of their momentous step, that virulent pens should be set a-scribbling, that anxious onlookers would make free comment upon the loss to the Church of England and Rome's gain, were, of course, quite natural, but it is scarcely to be expected that opinions, written three hundred years apart, should be identical not only in meaning, but sometimes even in manner of expression.

Let us hear first what Newman and Campion have to tell of their conversion. "O long-sought after," cries Newman, addressing the Catholic Church, "O long-sought after, tardily

found, desire of the eyes, joy of the heart, the truth after many shadows, the fulness after many foretastes, the home after many storms ;" and again—"For myself—I say it from my heart—I have not had a single doubt or temptation to doubt since I became a Catholic." While as for Campion, from much that is beautiful, we select the following extract for sake of its brevity :

I live in affluence [writes Campion in a most affecting letter to his friend, Dr. Gregory Martin] and yet I have nothing : and I would not change the sorrows of my Institution [the Society of Jesus] for the realm of England. If our tears are worth all this, what are our consolations worth? And they are quite numberless and above all measure. So as you rejoice with me, you may always go on rejoicing, for indeed what I have found is indeed most joyful.

It is interesting to note how the judgment of each has been coloured by his individual difficulties : Campion sees that he has made the better bargain, Newman, from chaos and collision of thought, finds order and rest : yet the meaning of both is in no way different—the Church of Rome is the only Church of Christ.

Newman, like Campion, had been a Catholic many years before an open attack was made upon him through the press. And, strange as it may seem, that both their enemies should have had recourse to the same dishonourable methods of warfare—"the poisoning of the wells"—for, according to Charke and Harmer, Campion was a seditious traitor, while Kingsley branded Newman as a liar,—stranger still is it to find that the mode of defence employed by Father Parsons on behalf of Campion is precisely the same as that used by Newman.

Whatever he says or does [is Parsons' answer to Charke] you will have it taken in evil part : if he speak humbly, he dissembleth : if he yield commendation, he flattereth : if he show confidence in his case he vaunteth : if he offer trial, he meaneth not performance : if he protest his meaning, he must not be credited : if he desire audience, he must not be admitted : whatever he urges for himself or his cause must avail nothing.

Contrast this with the Preface to the *Apologia* :

Is it legitimate warfare to appeal to the misgivings of the public mind and to its dislikings? Anyhow, if my accuser is able thus to practise upon my readers, the more I succeed, the less will be my success. If I am natural, he will tell them, *Ars est celare artem* : if I am convincing, he will suggest that I am an able logician : if I show warmth, I am acting the indignant innocent : if I am calm, I am thereby detected as a smooth hypocrite : if I clear up difficulties, I am too plausible and perfect to be true : the more triumphant I am in my statements, the more certain will be my defeat.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

(To be concluded.)

Flotsam and Jetsam.

The Scientific Methods of Folk-Lore.

WHAT is the origin of the custom of breaking a bottle of wine over a ship's bows when the vessel is launched? Some little time since when interested in the ceremonial of the baptism of bells the present writer made an effort to trace the history of this analogous practice. The inquiry on its historical side did not prove an easy one. No satisfactory information seemed to be available in the works of those writers on naval history to whom one naturally turned for enlightenment. But here again, as in so many other obscure matters, where the historian fears to tread, the folk-lorist rushes in without the slightest misgiving. M. H. Gaidoz, for example, the well-known editor of the French folk-lore journal, *Mélusine*, knows all about this ship-launching, and he is prepared to assure us that this familiar ceremony has been with us since the world began. It will be convenient, however, to quote an English version of what is practically much the same theory, apparently from the pen of the late Canon Isaac Taylor. In a letter which appeared in *Notes and Queries*, on May 7, 1898, the Canon wrote :

Breaking a bottle of wine on the bow of a new vessel is a survival of a sanguinary custom of our savage ancestors, paralleled by the practice at an officer's funeral of leading his charger to symbolical sacrifice at his grave. When a ship was launched by the Vikings it was the custom for victims to be bound to the rollers over which the war-galley was run down to the sea, so that the stem was sprinkled with blood, for which in the modern launch red wine is substituted. This was called the *hlunn rod*, or "roller reddening." Cook found the same practice in vogue in the South Seas. See *Arrow Orð's Saga*, 14, and a note in Vigfusson and Powell's, *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, i. p. 410.

With this solution, M. H. Gaidoz, as already stated, is in substantial agreement. Our modern ceremony, according to him, represents, at any rate, a rite of propitiation, and we are further referred to a passage of Valerius Maximus, which

describes how some miserable prisoners of war at Carthage, when certain galleys were launched, were attached to the rollers, or used as rollers, and in this way were crushed to death beneath the keels of the vessels.¹

Now, of course, there is not the slightest reason why we should not adopt these explanations, if any reasonable proof can be given to demonstrate that our modern custom has descended to us from this ancient and barbarous rite. More curious survivals than this have been shown upon quite reliable evidence to come down to us from pre-historic days, and the transformations through which they have passed are often such as to destroy all semblance of the germ from which they have originally sprung. No cautious student of anthropology would venture to reject off-hand such an explanation as Canon Taylor's, merely because on a *prima facie* view it seemed somewhat improbable. But what is so extraordinary about the temper of mind which folk-lore studies seem to engender, is the readiness to regard hypotheses as identical with facts. Having ventured upon this suggestion, which may or may not be considered to possess some measure of plausibility, it never seems to occur to Canon Taylor or to M. Gaidoz that there is anything more to be done, or that these two faintly analogous phenomena which are observed with a thousand years' interval between them, have now to be brought into immediate relation with one another. Perhaps some day or other a painstaking student of history will be able to do this, and will make plain the tortuous channels by which the bloodthirsty sacrifices of our primitive ancestors have been transformed into the innocent libation of a bottle of red wine. But meanwhile those who are not folk-lorists by profession may be pardoned for feeling some little hesitation upon the subject, the more so when they look into the practices observed at the launching of ships in comparatively recent times. For example in W. L. Clowes' *History of the Royal Navy*, it is interesting to meet the following passage :

It will have been noticed that the names of saints were very commonly given to ships. Then as now the naming of a king's vessel was accompanied by a religious ceremony or benediction, for in July, 1418, the Bishop of Bangor blessed the *Grace à Dieu*, then lately built, at Southampton, and received for his expenses £5 (Issue Roll, 5. Hen.

¹ *Valerius Maximus*, Bk. ix., cap. 2. See *Mélusine*, vol. iii. p. 239. Cf. *Mélusine*, i. 131.

v. 356, Devon). But it is probable that the practice of permitting a layman or a lady to "christen" the ship is a much more modern one, and there is no trace, in the fifteenth century, of ship-baptism with wine.

Again, we may note that in the year 1514, on June 13, the sum of 6 shillings and 8 pence was paid for the "hallowing" of the great ship *Henry Grace à Dieu*.¹

Still more interesting is the following statement, by a competent authority on naval history, Mr. Edward Fraser, which I take from a later volume of *Notes and Queries* than that previously quoted.

Down to Charles II.'s time it was customary to name and baptize a ship after she was launched—sometimes a week or two after. The old Tudor method used for men-of-war was still in use. Pepys' *Diary* shows that. The ship was safely got afloat, after which some high personage went on board with a special silver "standing cup," or "flaggon," of wine, out of which he drank, naming the ship, and poured a libation on the quarterdeck. The cup was then generally given to the dockyard master shipwright as a memento. When did the present usage of naming and baptizing a ship before she is sent afloat come in? I trace the last explicit mention of the old method to 1664, when the *Royal Katherine* was launched. (See Pepys.) The first mention of smashing a bottle of wine on the bows of a British man-of-war that I have found is in a contemporary newspaper cutting of May, 1780, describing the christening of H.M.S. *Magnanime* at Deptford, though nothing is hinted that it was then a new custom.

But if the spilling of the wine at the moment that the ship is set free to make her plunge into the water, is all a comparatively modern innovation, what becomes of the picturesque conception, that the red wine which sprinkled the stem represented the blood of the victims tied to the rollers under the keel? If the development had been in the other direction, and if a ceremony originally coincident with the releasing of the vessel had come in modern times to be performed ten days after the launching took place, the explanation of Canon Taylor would be made more intelligible. Perhaps our folklorists will try to persuade us that the naval authorities of the eighteenth century were careful to restore the libation ceremony to the moment of the launching, to which it originally belonged, in order that the rite might agree better with a scientific view of the facts of primitive history.

H. T.

¹ *Letters and Papers*, Henry VIII., pp. 1464—5.

The Late Lord Kelvin.

In its able summary of the life-work of the late Lord Kelvin, the *Times* of December 18th omits all mention of the service rendered by this, the foremost man of science of his day, to the cause of religion by his open and consistent advocacy of the divine origin of the universe. Lord Kelvin was an Orangeman, and his attitude towards Catholicity need not be further indicated, but the spectacle of irreligious scientists is too common for believers not to feel grateful that one of the profoundest and most able thinkers of his time saw nothing in science antagonistic to the claims of religion and omitted few occasions of proclaiming the fact. Indeed, he showed that the atheistic or agnostic attitude was the unscientific one. "We are absolutely forced by Science," he said, "to admit and to believe with absolute confidence in a Directive Power—in an influence other than physical, or dynamical, or electrical forces."¹ Not only in the point of belief but in the recognition of man's ignorance about the ultimate constituents of matter, Lord Kelvin was a model and a contrast to the Haeckels, the Grant Allens and the Clodds of our day. The *Times* quotes the following truly modest profession from his jubilee speech at Glasgow in 1896:

One word characterizes the most strenuous of the efforts for the advancement of science that I have made perseveringly for fifty-five years; that word is failure. I know no more of electric and magnetic force or of the relation between ether, electricity, and ponderable matter, or of chemical affinity, than I knew and tried to teach my class-students in my first session as Professor.

What a lesson in humility to those for whom the universe holds no secrets, and who, out of the abundance of their ignorance, profess to explain its riddles.

A Jesuit P. R. B.

Readers, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, of the life of James Collinson, the painter, one of the original seven members of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, will remember that after embracing the Catholic faith he, in the words of his biographer, "displayed more of zeal in the practice thereof than in his art." As a conclusive instance of this we are told that "shortly after [1850] Collinson quitted the pre-Raphaelite ranks and retired to Stonyhurst, remaining there a long time in seclusion." Other

¹ Address in London, May, 1903.

allusions are hardly more explicit. Holman Hunt says :¹ "He sold his lay-figure and painting material by forced sale, and departed to Stonyhurst to graduate (!) At the end of a twelve-month or so, he abandoned the idea of conventual or priestly life [and] again took to painting." The act thus oddly described as "graduating," was nothing else than Collinson's entering the novitiate at Hodder, with the purpose of testing his vocation to the religious life. He remained in the novitiate for over two years, from January, 1853, to March, 1855, but left in that month without taking his vows. It is said that, finding the studies too arduous, he desired to become a Lay-Brother, under the guarantee that he should be allowed to pursue his art and, on discovering such a stipulation to be incompatible with perfect obedience, he altogether gave up the idea of becoming a Jesuit. As Rossetti, his great friend and admirer, said in a letter to Allingham, dated May 11, 1855 : "The Jesuits have found him fittest for painting, and restored him to an eager world." The notice of his leaving is endorsed in the Province register—*pictor eximius*. Several of his paintings are still in the novitiate at Manresa House, Roehampton, notably a representation of a youthful saint, for which the Hon. Everard Arundell, his fellow-novice, gave him sittings, and a portrait of the old Hodder gardener.

"Becket's Bones."

According to the newspapers the debate upon the alleged discovery of the bones of St. Thomas of Canterbury was reopened by the Society of Antiquaries early last month. Mr. M. Beazeley, the hon. librarian to the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury, read a paper in favour of recognizing the skeleton which was discovered in 1888 as that of William de Andeville, Abbot of Evesham, who died at Canterbury during a visitation of the monastery, and who had been buried—said Mr. Beazeley—in the cathedral on the very spot where the bones were found ten years ago.

In the discussion which followed the chief question was, as before, whether St. Thomas' bones were burnt in 1538. The Society of Antiquaries are not unnaturally very conservative, and they have all along exhibited a tendency to take a very conservative view of the matter. In 1892, Dr. Milman, their Director, was strongly in favour of the view that the bones of the Saint were buried. Certainly one would be glad to

¹ *Contemporary Review*, May, 1883.

think it were so, but Dr. Milman's treatment of the value of our chronicles, and several other records is the reverse of convincing, and the latest writers on the subject, Mr. Gairdner, the editor of the great series of *Calendars of State Papers* for the reign of Henry VIII., Mr. Pollard, and Mr. H. A. L. Fisher have all decided against him. The arguments put forward by the late Father John Morris in this Review¹ still hold the field.

Perhaps the most notable remark made in the debate after Mr. Beazeley's paper was the statement of Mr. Trice Martin that he did not accept the evidence for the burning, and regarded this report as an accusation made by foreigners. Mr. Trice Martin is one of the experts who have worked at the *Calendars*, and his opinion therefore must always carry weight, even though his chief is against him, as we have seen. It should make us cautious in asserting the certainty of the opposite conclusion, indubitable though that may seem to us.

New Evidence on the same Subject.

As the volume of *Calendars* which covers the period of the burning has come out since Father Morris wrote, it may be well to see what it contributes to the controversy, especially as it does not seem to have been alluded to in the debate at the Antiquaries.

The volume contains no single reference to the matter that is quite decisive, but there are a considerable number of statements which, I think, all tend to confirm the traditional story. In the first place it is very important to find that both Cromwell and the King himself were present at the desecration of the shrine, a fact not known before. It is clear also that there was *some sort of mummerly* connected with it, but of what kind is not stated. Even if it did take the form of a mock trial (as has been stated) that would not confirm the document printed by Henriquez, which purports to have been the summons laid upon St. Thomas' tomb, but which, for internal reasons, on the score of impossible dates and erroneous style, cannot be considered genuine.

It is curious to note, as showing how closely Cromwell was connected with the Lutherans, that the first note of indication of the impending attack on St. Thomas' shrine, comes from Frankfort six months before the desecration actually took place (1538, i. 754). Then we have the letter, already known, about

¹ March, 1888, pp. 305-324.

"my lady of Montreuil," who was shown all the glories of the shrine just a week before it was "disgarnished" (September, 1538, ii. 133). She announced her intention of staying on till the King reached Dover.

Next week (September 8th), another letter tells us that the King and Cromwell have got as far as Canterbury itself, and then the writer goes on in mocking tones to say that Mr. Pollard, the special commissioner, "is busy day and night in prayer with offerings unto St. Thomas his shrine and head, with other dead relics" (ii. 303). Two days later the same correspondent writes still in the same sneering vein, that

Mr. Pollard hath so much ado with St. Thomas's shrine in offering and praying, that he cannot yet intend to follow worldly courses, but I trust when he hath prayed, and received the offerings and relics, he will be at leisure (ii. 317).¹

By next month the news of the desecration was the talk of all Europe, and an English ambassador passing through Bruges reports that "I was asked by everyone what had become of the Saint of Canterbury, but Mr. Wriothesley, *who had played a part in that play*, had sufficiently instructed me to answer such questions" (ii. 542).

Thus the three earliest allusions to the destruction of the shrine all leave one under the impression that some sort of farce was enacted at it. This was also altogether in Cromwell's manner. We know, for instance, that he succeeded so well in making a mockery of the Rood of Boxley, that in spite of Father Bridgett's exposure, our Protestant historians are still led captive by his trickery.

Another noteworthy point in the new papers, is that whereas Henry's ambassadors report on all sides that people are aghast at "the burning of St. Thomas" (880), "the burning of the Saint's bones" (415), "the burning of the Bishop's bones" (1539, no. 11), *there is no record of this ever being denied*. Some of his foreign agents have been "instructed how to answer," some are asking what they shall say, but no one denies the fact. It does seem strange at first glance, that there are here no specific allusions to the burning in the correspondence from England itself. But it must be remembered that the papers

¹ Before the end of the month of September, Wriothesley, one of the commissioners, was paid by the King's Treasurer, 23/ 16s for "rewards to sundry monks and chief officers at court, and also to sundry servants and labourers, travelling about the disgarnishing of the shrine" (no. 1280). The wretches, as became their baseness, seem to have sold themselves at a very low price.

before us are, primarily at least, Government correspondence, in which such references would not be likely to occur. The Catholicly minded, moreover, were dazed and crushed by the persecution, no one might grumble except at his peril. There is an example given (1539, 1073), of a Frenchman arrested for speaking to another Frenchman about the King's proceedings at Canterbury, and saying that he meant to do the same with other churches.

The original of the detailed description of the burning followed by the chronicler Wriothesley, and by Stowe has not yet been discovered. But no one who has read Stowe attentively will accept for a moment Dr. Milman's theory that "he wrote from hearsay," or Mr. Trice Martin's conclusion that he borrowed from foreigners. Moreover, the new papers corroborate Stowe in an unexpected way. It is generally said (and Mr. Beazeley follows the same tradition) that the bones were burnt "by Cromwell's *commission*." But Stowe says simply they "were burnt in the said church by the Lord Cromwell," that is, by him in person. Now we find in the passage quoted above that he did actually come down from town and was present on the occasion. Perhaps the future has still more details to reveal to us.

J. H. P.

Reviews.

I.—THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA.¹

THE second instalment of *The Catholic Encyclopedia* has come to hand in time to enable us to draw our readers' attention to some one or two of its many admirable features, though owing to Christmas pressure we must be more concise than we should wish, and may perhaps hope to find room for a more extended notice in a later number. We have only to turn over the leaves of this new volume to be struck at once by the improvement effected in the illustrations. Considering the high level of excellence to which we are now-a-days accustomed in similar undertakings—we might refer to Herder's *Conversations Lexikon* as a Catholic example in point—the first volume of the *Encyclopedia* perhaps left something to be desired in this respect. But the editorial staff have evidently profited by their

¹ *The Catholic Encyclopedia: an international work of reference on the Constitution, Doctrine, Discipline, and History of the Catholic Church.* Vol. II. New York: Robert Appleton and Co., 1907.

previous experience, and he would be a severe critic who was not satisfied with the presentment of most of the embellishments which are found in the present issue. With regard to the subject-matter, the volume extends from *Assize* to *Brownrigg*. This combination of A words and B words gives us an exceptionally varied and interesting programme. Topographical articles are numerous. *Australia*, *Austro-Hungary*, *Belgium*, *Bosnia*, and *Brazil*, not to speak of lesser place-names like *Bologna*, *Boston*, *Baden*, *Beauvais*, and last but not least, the great centre of Catholic life in America, *Baltimore*, will all appeal to many readers. Patristic is strongly represented in *Augustine* (an article by Father Portalié, S.J., who here condenses his masterly contribution to the *Dictionnaire de Théologie*), *Athanasius* and *Basil*. Biblical questions are less to the fore than in the first volume, and perhaps in view of the controversial importance of the question of the Bible before Luther, the articles *Bible*, *Bibles (Picture)*, *Biblical*, &c., are a little disappointing. It is curious, moreover, to find what are practically two independent accounts of the *Biblia Pauperum* on the same page. Oriental studies are more favourably represented. Dr. Arendzen, of St. Edmund's, Ware, has a very full article on *Babylonia*. Dr. Oussani deals with *Assyria*, and the Bishop of Salford, in spite of pressing occupations, has generously placed his wide knowledge at the disposal of the Editors in the article *Avesta*. Turning to the department of Canon Law and Moral Theology there is a good deal to attract attention in the articles on *Banns of Marriage*, *Bigamy*, *Bankruptcy*, *Bishop*, &c., though, on the other hand, dogma is not much to the fore in the present section. There is a long and important article on *Baptism* by Father Fanning, S.J., of St. Louis University, who unfortunately has not had the advantage of consulting the valuable contribution of Dom de Puniet, not yet completed, in the *Dictionnaire d'Archéologie*. Monasticism again is naturally strongly represented in the subjects which group themselves around the word *Benedictine*. Dom Cyprian Alston's long account of the *Benedictine Order* is able, well arranged, and complete, and Abbot Ford has also given us a good biography of *St. Benedict of Nursia*; which last, by the way, together with the notice of *St. Benedict of Aniane*, has become rather oddly displaced, and appears after the words *Benedictional* and *Benediction*. In contrast to the excellent work of Abbot Ford and Dom Alston, the article

on *St. Bernard* hardly seems to us to be quite up to the level of the best and most recent research upon this subject. In science the most important contribution by far is that of the late Miss Agnes M. Clerke on *Astronomy*. The loss of this gifted writer will be most severely felt, and, indeed, we cannot but express our deep sympathy with the Editors at the number of gaps which death has already made in the ranks of their most capable contributors. Miss Clerke, Mr. C. S. Devas, and the Abbé Pargoire were all of them the possessors of specialized knowledge, and it must be exceedingly hard to replace them. Among the minor biographical articles which form the bulk of the rest of the volume we ought perhaps to feel complimented that a conspicuous place is given to St. Augustine, the Apostle of England. To say the truth, the space allotted to him seems to us a little excessive, though Father Clifford's account is pleasantly written, and on the whole well-informed. In some few of the other minor articles the doctrinal standpoint is perhaps unnecessarily rigid and conservative; for example, the article, *Assumption*, ought, we think, to make a larger allowance for the influence of the early apocryphal literature. But, taking it all in all, this second volume of the *Encyclopedia* is in every way creditable to those concerned in its production, and it deserves the hearty support of Catholics on both sides of the ocean.

2.—THE FUTURE LIFE, AND MODERN DIFFICULTIES.¹

The author of this exceedingly interesting and suggestive volume is both a clergyman of the Church of England,—doctrinally of the “highest” type,—and an expert in biological science, being demonstrator of anatomy in the University of Cambridge. He here considers the question of the alleged antagonism between the discoveries of science, and belief in human immortality, or any continuance of our personal existence after death. He finds two distinct questions requiring treatment. Firstly, is it true that Science negatives the idea of *any* survival after bodily death? Secondly, does our present knowledge contradict the articles of the Christian creed, which regard the existence in store for men after death? Though he devotes to this second question the greater share of

¹ By F. Claude Kempson. London: Pitman. Pp. xx. 373.

his attention, his method of dealing with it can appeal but little to a Catholic, on account of the difficulty of realizing the position taken up by the writer, for while constantly appealing to the authority and evidence of the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, he is unable to define more precisely what he means by the term than that it signifies "Christendom," which must be taken to include all who accept what is commonly known as the Nicene Creed. He is thus obliged to expend much labour and ingenuity in endeavouring to reconcile belief in such a doctrine as Purgatory with the Thirty-nine Anglican Articles,—and to minimize or ignore the fundamental differences which separate what he would treat as sister branches of one and the same stock. The result is to make his theological and scriptural arguments by no means convincing, despite the great ability which they frequently display. It is, moreover, disconcerting to find that when he quotes passages from the Roman Missal, and the Catechism of the Council of Trent, there are too many errors both in the Latin cited and in the English version supplied for its explanation.¹ It is likewise strange to find the name of such a scholar as Harnack given even once as "Hamack."²

Such defects and blemishes may not improbably be used to diminish the force of the philosophical and scientific portion of the book, which would be a calamity, for this part is altogether excellent. Not only has Mr. Kempson a thorough knowledge of practical science, but he thinks clearly, and has a most happy gift of illustration, capable of doing more than much laborious argument in throwing light upon the subject discussed. A principal point, for instance, upon which he insists, is what he terms the "Pure Agnosticism" of Science, in regard of such a question as the immortality of the soul; for by "scientific" methods it can find no evidence whatever, one way or the other. Science, he says, *describes* the world as it finds it. Religion *explains* it. To talk of one barring the way against the other, is like expecting a wall to stop the course of a balloon. The astronomer who said that he had searched the heavens with his telescope, and not found God there, spoke quite truly; but when he went on to say that *therefore* there is no God, he talked manifest nonsense. One who, on being told that the manufacture of locks and keys has for its ultimate cause human dishonesty, should reply that, having chemically

¹ Pp. 246 and 224.

² P. 265.

analyzed the metals of which they are made, he could find no trace of dishonesty there, would but imitate the materialist who argues in like manner against the existence of all but the phenomenal. A card-player accustomed to use shells as counters, would play no better, or use them more easily, for learning all about the natural history of the creatures which once inhabited them. Such specimens will enable the reader to understand the freshness and originality characteristic of the book, in which will also be found incidentally much valuable scientific information, conveyed with lucidity and precision, as, for instance, on the mysterious processes by which cells are constituted and propagated, and the main features of the evolution theory as commonly held by scientific men.

A letter from Mr. Darwin to Mr. Romanes, which our author prints,¹ is well worthy of being rescued from the comparative oblivion into which it has fallen. In it Darwin puts into the mouth of a "theologian" an argument, very well stated, against any purely mechanical explanation of the universe, which he frankly confesses his inability to answer.

We can only hope that Mr. Kempson's contribution to scientific literature may meet with the appreciation it deserves.

3.—PROCEDURE AT THE ROMAN CURIA.²

Procedure at the Roman Curia is an American translation from the German, Dr. Hilling being a Professor at the University of Bonn. It is a handbook of information as to the character and component elements of the Roman Curia, that is to say, of the large and complex body of consultors, judges, and other officials, attached to the person of the Supreme Pontiff, and entrusted under his direction with the various functions appertaining to the supreme administration of the Church. Every civil government has its civil service at the head of which are its Government departments, nor would it be possible without the aid of such a staff to carry on its administration, and it is the same with the Holy See. Questions of theology, questions of Church discipline, of Church development, of Church devotion, questions of Church policy, together with the giving or refusing marriage- and other dispensations, with the hearing and deciding on appeals coming in from

¹ P. 190.

² By the Very Rev. Nicholas Hilling, D.D. New York: Wagner.

inferior courts—all these and similar matters engage the attention of the Holy See and can only be adequately dealt with through the aid of such an organized and experienced staff as is known by the name of the Roman Curia.

Dr. Hilling divides his book into three parts, in the first of which he traces very briefly, indeed too briefly, the history of the Roman Curia from its beginnings during the period when the Roman Church was in the Catacombs, and the Pontiffs were wont to take counsel with the priests of the twenty-five principal churches of the city, the incumbents of the seven deaconries in the poorer quarters, and the seven notaries deputed to write the acts of the martyrs and to act as Papal secretaries—the suburbicarian Bishops being also called in for more important matters. Since that time the course of development of the Curia has never stopped, though it may be said to have reached its most crucial stage in the legislation of Sixtus V., the fundamental principles of which are still retained. The second part of the present work describes the component parts of the modern Curia, its officials, its departments, its offices, and its tribunals. The third is on the Procedure of the Curia, of which the first chapter consists mainly of the forms of petition which must be employed in applications for privileges, faculties, dispensations, and similar matters—forms which priests having the care of souls will be glad to have in so accessible a volume. In some further chapters this third part describes the procedure, civil and penal, which is followed in the Roman Congregations assigned for the purpose, or has to be followed in the episcopal courts of first instance. Then comes an Appendix giving the text of important Papal decrees and rescripts published during the present Pontificate. Ten of these are given, among which the Decree of the Biblical Commission about the Gospel of St. John (it is an omission surely that the other Decrees of this Commission are not given) and the Syllabus of July 3, 1907, are of general interest. The other eight documents in this Appendix will be of use to the clergy, for whom indeed the entire book is primarily intended. A short Preface points out that this English version is in some respects not a mere translation of Dr. Hilling's German original, but an adaptation. That is to say, it has been adapted with due regard to conditions prevalent in countries under the jurisdiction of Propaganda.

4.—ANOTHER REFUTATION OF HAECKEL.¹

The Socratic method may be at times very annoying to the person undergoing examination. The disciple is forced to think, and, in the hands of a skilful questioner, is made to see, and what is much more to the point, to admit, that he did not really understand what he was inclined to dogmatize about; hence his annoyance. Though the most momentous questions are readily discussed by all people and in all places, we venture to say that very few men think for themselves, independently. The great majority of the educated classes read, and read widely, it may be, but they rest contented if they believe they have formed for themselves something like an idea of what their author means, without testing his assertions, his deductions, or his theories, by searching inquiries as to the proofs that support what is advanced.

Dr. Marcus is so fully aware of this mental habit of the modern reader and philosopher that in his little book on Materialism, he has adopted the interrogative method with a view to compelling thought.

He starts with a query as title, "Monism?" and after expressing in clear, pithy phrase the teaching of Materialistic Monists, *sc.*, that the whole universe is reducible to a single form of matter, and illustrating all he says with a wealth of admirably chosen examples that cannot fail to make his meaning clear to his readers, he proceeds to ask questions, apposite questions, questions quite pitiless in their searching nature, and waits for a satisfactory answer, confident that the difficulty of finding one will convince his reader, more forcibly than any assertion would, of the hollowness and utter inadequacy of Materialistic Philosophy.

"Look before you leap" expresses mere common sense, and Dr. Marcus asks his reader to look well before he takes a leap into the dark, influenced by such a work as Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe*.

We must congratulate him on his success, and we wish his book a wide circulation. A share in his credit is also due to his translator, Dr. Felkin, who has turned the book into clear and readable English.

¹ Monism? Thoughts suggested by Professor Haeckel's book, "The Riddle of the Universe," by S. Ph. Marcus, M.D., Spa Physician at Pymont, Germany; translated by R. W. Felkin, M.D., F.R.S.E., &c. London: Redman, Limited. 1s. net.

**5—THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE EMPRESS
PULCHERIA¹**

Few of those bound to the recitation of the Breviary have said the Office of St. Pulcheria without wishing to know more of the "one little girl by whose virtue and wisdom, in the fixed opinion of all, the dangers which seemed to impend and threaten were dispelled, and prosperity was assured to the Empire" of Theodosius II. of Constantinople. For these words of encomium are no mere exaggeration of a florid rhetoric, but state an unquestionable fact. When the feeble and fretful Emperor Arcadius died in 407, and left to his successors a heritage of troubles of all sorts, the crisis was rendered the more anxious by the extreme youth of his son Theodosius. This Prince was at the time only seven years old, and though the regency was entrusted to Anthemius, who proved to be a faithful steward, it was only for six years that he lived to sustain it, and then the reins of power passed by general consent, practically if not nominally, into the hands of the fifteen year old Pulcheria, who had already manifested her great gifts by the training she had given to a brother and two younger sisters, scarcely more youthful than herself. And she showed herself fully equal to the occasion. All went well during her regency, and after it, until her brother, ceasing to defer to her counsels, became the dupe of an unworthy favourite. Then disasters, spiritual and temporal, followed one another in unfailling succession, until death came upon Theodosius suddenly, and it fell to Pulcheria herself to ascend the Imperial throne, conjointly with her husband Marcian, when once more peace ensued alike to the State and the Church.

Surely a choice subject for an historical study, and Miss Teetgen has tried her hand at it with considerable success. It is by letters chiefly that the individuality of a human character is portrayed and preserved to posterity, but unfortunately this sort of material is not available in the case of St. Pulcheria. Two or three of her letters only have come down to us, and these are mere official documents in which the stamp of personality is not discernible. Still, if this element in the story is gone past recovery, there is plenty of material at the hand of a writer desirous of exhibiting the sequence of events in a singularly full and varied period of history, and Miss Teetgen has known how to use it to advantage. She has brought home

¹ By Ada B. Teetgen. London : Swan, Sonnenschein, & Co.

to the reader, by a skilful marshalling of some very complicated facts, and by some vivid descriptions, the life of Constantinople in the fifth century—the new town growing up in its marvellous situation, the manners of its rulers and people, its ecclesiastical and civil ceremonies and customs, the anxieties oppressing the public mind about the interplay of characters at home, about the rise and fall of heresies, the pressure of the Persians from the east and the Huns from the north—all these, and the parts played in them by the many striking personalities who pass across the stage, St. Pulcheria herself and her brother Theodosius II., the Empress Athenais, Nestorius and St. Cyril of Alexandria, Eutyches and his wretched godson Chrysaphius, St. Flavian and St. Proclus, St. Melania the Younger, the Empress Galla Placidia and her daughter Honoria, with their strange histories. The book does not profess to be based on first-hand research, which was not necessary as long as the end in view was to provide a taking and instructive story for the general reader, not the scholar. But the authoress shows the signs of a praiseworthy diligence in ransacking a multitude of standard works for the details requisite to make her presentation life-like, and the result is a volume which the reader who has once taken it up does not easily lay down unfinished. Theological accuracy was not to be expected in her account of the thorny history of such subtle controversies as the Nestorian and Eutychian, or, again, of the jurisdictions and precedencies of the different Sees. The authoress has been misled too, somewhat, by her authorities, most of whom being Protestant have themselves no distinct ideas on these points, or are prone to minimize the action of the Roman See. Had she, for instance, known of the late Dr. Rivington's *Roman Primacy* she would have realized how much this Primacy counted for in the determination of the results at Ephesus and Chalcedon. It should be added that the book is enriched by nine illustrations, one being a reproduction of M. Jean Paul Laurens' striking picture of St. John Chrysostom preaching, the others photographs of diptyches and coins.

6.—THE KING OVER THE WATER.¹

This biography of the Old Pretender, written with a frankly Jacobite and even White Rose bias, is distinctly interesting. Miss Shield takes no pains to conceal her contempt for the

¹ By A. Shield and Andrew Lang. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1907. 15s. net.

tales that would make the prince a changeling. Sir Godfrey Kneller, the Court painter, with his broken English (cited on p. 20, above the vague reference, "Rawlinson's MSS. in the Bodleian"),

His fader and his moder have sat to me about thirty-six times a-piece, and I know every line and bit in their faces. I say the child is so like them both, that there is not a feature in his face but what belongs to father or mother,

is held to be a witness who should enforce conviction.

Miss Shield carries us rapidly and pleasantly over the incidents of James's chequered life: his hurried flight from England as an infant; the bright and happy days of boyhood; the young prince winning his spurs at Oudenarde and Malplaquet; up to the crisis of his life—the abortive rising of "the Fifteen." Anent "the Fifteen" our author says very pertinently:

If the tragedy of the Rising lay not too deep for tears, it would read like comic opera. . . . It was the most helpless rising in arms that ever was; the most futile waste of blood and possessions. From first to last there was no hope in it, no method, no plan, nothing but boastful or desponding talk.

In due course we get (with the motto, or is it an apology? *Decies repetita placebit*) the exciting incident of the rescue of Clementina from Innspruck by Wogan and his trusty confederates. Then follows her marriage with James, and the sunshine and shadows of their lives and of their children, till at length James ends his long life in sadness and gloom.

As an under plot we have the early career of Prince Charlie with a graphic account of "the Forty-five," and alas! hints of the moral deterioration that began so early. We may note in passing that, whatever evil influence Friar Kelly may have had on the character of the young prince, no evidence is adduced that he exerted that influence in his capacity as confessor.

After perusing this volume even the most bigoted admirer of "the wee wee German lairdie" might perhaps acknowledge that James has been traduced, though he might not go so far as to say that "His was a religious nature; his heart was set on a crown not of this world; his birth and traditions were the worst of his misfortunes. Reasonableness, self-control, a 'sad-lucidity,' and, in his own words, 'a nice regard to truth and prudence,' were his leading characteristics."

7.—MODERNISM.¹

Whilst many, though knowing little about the subject, are indignant with the Pope for condemning Modernism, others, more judiciously, are asking what it means. Hence the demand for some plain answers to this question in language "understood of the people." One such answer is now before us, written by an author who modestly conceals his name. It can be thoroughly recommended. It gives a trustworthy account and criticism of the system condemned, and makes as intelligible as possible to ordinary readers the meanings and significance of the Subjectivist principles on which it is based. It is also the first in the field to bring together in convenient form a little collection of extracts from Modernist writings, in which the teaching condemned by the Encyclical is unmistakably propounded—extracts which the Pope may well have had in view in drawing up the Encyclical. One of the quotations in this appendix of extracts, though not directly connected with Modernism, is particularly valuable at this moment. It is from an article in the *Hibbert Journal* for October, 1906, in which the editor of that Journal contrasts the clear, straightforward and definite conceptions which are employed in all other branches of investigation, with the misty, tricky and indeterminate conceptions which so many religious writers of the present day allow themselves. The passage is worth transcribing, at least in part.

In this respect [the author says] theology has fallen below the level of her own former practice. The framers of the Creeds understood at least that the function of formula is to formulate. With them theology was no science of variable meanings. Their work declares what *must* be believed, and declares it for no other reason than that it seemed to them to be and to remain eternally true. Guarded at every point from the risk of misconception, and elaborated to a finish which leaves no detail incomplete, the Creeds, of which the Athanasian is here the finest example, rise before us like moated citadels built out of the chosen stone of the quarry, whose rigid outlines time itself could never soften. If there is any attitude of mind which stands condemned by the spirit of such works it is that which could admit variety of interpretation as to what the Creeds may mean. This was the very thing which the Creeds were created to prevent. But all has changed. . . .

¹ Modernism : What it is and why it is condemned. By C. S. B. London : Sands and Co.

Language when applied to the expression of religious belief seems to have a different set of values from those carried in other departments of thought. Elsewhere words are supposed to convey something: here they convey almost anything. Not only has it become impossible to say what a particular dogma means, but highly difficult to say what it does not mean; for there is hardly a conceivable meaning which ingenuity may not contrive to fix on the words. What would happen, we may well ask, if a witness in a Court of Law were to indulge in the irresponsible use of language which is now tolerated in many of the high places of religion?

It is thus that religious thought is shaping itself outside, but in the Catholic Church it must still flow in the same definite channels—and the Encyclical is but a re-affirmation, as regards one particular branch of religious thought, of this fundamental necessity.

8.—TURENNE.¹

All those who appreciate the literary skill, and the wit and wisdom of "the Prig," will receive with pleasure this very handsome volume, which is written, *bien entendu*, in the author's second and more stately style, though the vein of humour is by no means suppressed. Marshal Turenne doubtless affords a more than ordinarily fine subject for biography, as a noble character thrown into a number of important but perilous situations, from which he eventually almost always emerges triumphant. There is perpetual movement in the story, and the extraordinary changes through which France passed during the Fronde, are described with refreshing clearness. The subject, it is true, has been much controverted, and no doubt there will be some who will disagree, though no one will object to the historian's impartial tone. Soldiers will find the strategy of Turenne's battles discussed with care, and a good map enables one to follow the movements of the armies with facility. There does not, however, seem to be quite sufficient earnestness in the condemnation of the whole war policy of France at this period. In spite of her brilliant victories, the ultimate effects were disastrous both to her and to Catholic Europe.

¹ Marshal Turenne. By the author of the "Life of Sir Kenelm Digby," etc. London: Longmans, 1908. Pp. 401. 12s. 6d. net.

9.—THE CATHOLIC "WHO'S WHO."¹

The usefulness of the general *Who's Who* has given Messrs. Burns and Oates the idea of bringing out a Catholic *Who's Who*. Whether it will be followed by Church of England, Nonconformist, Jewish, and other counterparts, remains to be seen, but for Catholics, and for others as well, the little volume before us will afford, besides its utility as a book of reference, pleasant sensations from time to time of curiosity and interest. Perhaps, also, it may serve to allay the anxieties of those timid persons who imagine us to be a danger to the country, for it would be hard to find a quieter or more peaceable set of citizens than those who figure in this list, and then, too, there is Sir Francis Burnand's Preface, with its formal expressions of loyalty in the name of us all. As one turns the pages, one misses here and there names which should be included, or stumbles upon one or two, the bearers of which would probably not regard themselves as Catholics. But this is to be expected in a first edition of such a list, and on the whole, what is noticeable about this list, is its fulness rather than its incompleteness. It must always be a difficulty in drawing up biographical notices to decide how much is to be contributed by their subjects, how much by the editors, and it is evident that in the present case no fixed principle has been adhered to; so that the reader must judge from internal evidence how much of what is said about a person is to be referred to one source or another. In one respect this Catholic *Who's Who* differs strikingly from others of its kind, for it has boldly departed from the precedent of confining itself to cold, dry facts, and has enlivened its pages by many personal appreciations, literary anecdotes, and even sparks of humour. Thus in one place we read that the two sons of Lord Nelson "have performed a feat of spiritual seamanship not unworthy of the name of Nelson, for both have boarded the barque of St. Peter;" and in another, that at the meeting of Colonial Premiers in 1907, Mr. John Gavan-Duffy said to the proprietor of a Melbourne paper, "You ought to have something more than a Deakin on your staff—you ought to have a Bishop—because your statements stand in need of confirmation."

¹ The Catholic "Who's Who," and Year Book for 1908. Edited by Sir F. C. Burnand. London: Burns and Oates.

Short Notices.

BETWEEN Atheism on the one hand, appealing to intimate experience as a proof of the non-existence of God, and on the other, Immanence, which declares that our inward consciousness is proof positive and sufficient of His being, we have almost every possible degree of philosophic thought. M. X. Moisant has undertaken (*Dieu: l'Experience en Metaphysique*, par Xavier Moisant. Paris: Rivière. 7 francs), and we think with success, to determine the true probant force of interior experience regarding the existence of God. His work will appeal strongly to those minds that are more affected by psychological considerations than by arguments drawn mainly from outside man's own soul, but his incisive language and clear, well expressed thought will recommend the book to all who are interested in the greatest of questions that the mind of man has ever asked itself.

S. Alphonsi M. de Ligorio *Theologia Moralis*. Editio nova, curâ et studio P. Leonardi Gaudé, C.S.S.R., vol. ii. In a previous number of THE MONTH we welcomed the first volume of this monumental work, and the second volume, comprising treatises on the Seventh and Eighth Commandments, the Precepts of the Church, the Religious and Clerical States, *De Actibus humanis* and *De Peccatis*, maintains the high level of its predecessor. Not only have thousands of references been verified, but the work has been brought well up to date, the English Married Women's Property Acts, for example, finding a place in a footnote. The industry expended on this quarto volume of nearly 800 pages is enormous, and we congratulate P. Gaudé once more on a very scholarly piece of work.

When fame arrives to a literary man, people become interested in himself rather than his works, or, it may be, in the works as further revelations of the man. Then, unless he has happily destroyed them, his *juvenilia* are unearthed and published, and excite interest, if not on their own account, at least as records of the growth of a great mind. Some such fate as this has befallen Canon Sheehan, who has been compelled, by the solicitation of friends, to publish his *Early Essays and Lectures* (Longmans, 6s. net). But we hasten to add these productions have merit in themselves, not merely as the work of a popular author. They show the Canon to be deeply read in English and German literature, to have pondered on many grave subjects, and to have early elaborated a distinguished English style, the main blemishes of which are a certain stiffness and straining after effect, but which, on the whole, is an apt vehicle for high and noble thoughts.

As a preacher Father Bernard Vaughan excels in dramatic force, the power of putting before his audience in rapid strokes, few or many, an historic scene, and, by a skilful application to current life, of bringing home to them its full significance. The eight discourses which he delivered at Farm Street during last Lent, and now published in book-form (*Society, Sin and the Saviour*. London, Kegan Paul, 5s.), are excellent examples of his peculiar gift. In each he vividly presents a scene from the Passion, and then shows how the modern sinner takes sides, in effect, against the Divine

Sufferer. Though left largely in their spoken form, these sermons, which have practically the same theme, should repeat the success and renew the good of the preacher's previous volume, *The Sins of Society*. The book is tastefully bound in penitential purple, and is prefaced by a valuable Introduction on the meaning of Sin and the Atonement.

Father Pio Massi, S.J., has issued a useful little book, **The Hidden Treasure of Plenary Indulgences** (Benziger Brothers), which forms a sort of digest of part of the *Raccolta*. It deals with Plenary Indulgences only, and, after a short but clear description of the nature and effect of Indulgences, and the general conditions requisite for obtaining them, it gives an exhaustive list of the various Plenary Indulgences granted by the Church, with the authority for each, and the particular conditions for gaining it. A supplement gives all the usual devotions from the *Raccolta*, which are or may be employed as the different prescribed prayers. The book is tastefully printed, but, singularly enough, has neither Index nor table of contents.

It is a token of the wide-spread and growing interest in the great Saint of Assisi that an American and an English edition of his works have appeared in rapid succession. The American edition we reviewed in our October issue; the English (**The Writings of St. Francis of Assisi**, translated from the French of F. Ubald D'Alençon, O.S.F.C., by Constance Countess de la Warr: Burns and Oates, 2s. 6d. net), is now before us. A critical introduction discusses the various works, authentic and doubtful, of the Saint, which then follow in due order. The book is beautifully arranged and printed by the Arden Press.

Another "Franciscan" book, **In the School of St. Francis** (adapted from the French of M. Paul Henry by Imelda Chambers: Washbourne and Co.), is an attempt to set forth the true spirit of the Saint by describing characteristic incidents of his life and of those of his first followers.

From Mr. Thomas Baker we have received **Practical Preaching for Priests and People**, twenty-five short sermons by Father Bernard Kelly, of Southwark (price 4s. net). The discourses are clearly arranged and well synopsised, but we think the language might with advantage be simpler. Loose writing like the following is not uncommon:

So much, indeed, is this virtue of faith regarded as the very basis of belief, that it has received the appellation of "theological," because it relates immediately to God.

"Received the appellation" for "been called" is mere journalese. Again:

The underlying idea of the "Real Presence" may be said to be as old as religious belief itself—indissolubly wrapped up with the inherent notion of what constitutes the essence of spiritual belief.

The book is well-printed and handsomely bound.

Dr. Thomas E. Shields, Professor of Psychology in the Catholic University of America, discusses the higher education of women in a bright little book published by Messrs. Benziger (**The Education of our Girls**, 4s.). It is in the form of a symposium, the members of which are certain educational experts, male and female, a wealthy business man of limited education, and a mother of five children. The upshot of their talk is a decision that woman is best educated apart (the question of co-education hardly touches us in England), under teachers of her own sex who understand her ideals. Cardinal Gibbons in a Preface warmly commends the book.

The "**Grammar of Assent**" and the **Old Philosophy**, by the Rev. J. J. Toohey, S.J., is a reprint of an article in the *Irish Theological Quarterly*

of October last. Father Toohey is the author of a careful digest of Newman's famous book and may be assumed to know it thoroughly. It is interesting to know that he finds an essential agreement between Newman's philosophy and that of the Schoolmen, the points of divergence being of minor consequence and largely due to varieties of expression.

The Degrees of the Spiritual Life, by the Abbé A. Saudreau. Translated from the French by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. (2 vols., Washbourne). In these days of hurry, when we are inclined to take even our spirituality in small doses, it is refreshing to come across a spiritual treatise on the old exuberant classic lines. One may grant that there is little new to be said about the Way of Perfection: it has been mapped out and described by a thousand enthusiastic travellers. Yet the later book has this advantage over the earlier, that it can collate and embody more, if not fuller, experiences. This is the chief excellence of the Abbé Saudreau's volumes: they are full of illustrations and suggestions drawn from all the great masters of spirit, and thus a wonderful freshness is given to the familiar divisions of the subject. The translation reads fluently, and the volumes are attractively got up. But it is hardly fair on the author to put the translator's name alone on the cover.

Not long ago we reviewed a collection of Essays (*Folia Fugitiva*, edited by Father W. H. Cologan, v. MONTH, March, 1907), read and discussed at some Conference meetings in the Archdiocese. Now we have before us a similar collection which comes from the diocese of Birmingham. But the latter papers are all from one pen, and have been read, not at Conferences, but at the meetings of an Association of secular clergy under the patronage of the Venerable Bede. **Bede Papers**, by the Rev. Charles E. Ryder (Art and Book Co., 2s. 6d. net.), are well worth reproduction in permanent form. They deal in a thoughtful and scholarly fashion with topics of perennial interest, literary, philosophical, and religious. *Religious Johnsoniana* (a catena of passages from "Boswell," indicating Johnson's religious standpoint). *Cruelty to Brute Animals: what kind of moral evil?* *A Study on the "Grammar of Assent."* *A Protest against the Spirit of the Higher Criticism.* *Some Characteristics of Nonconformist Christianity*—to give five out of the seventeen titles in the Contents—these suggest sufficiently the interest of the whole.

In **Tommie and his Mates**, Father Bearne deals with the lower strata of Ridingdale Society, the lads that frequent the elementary school—a non-provided one of course. The author's discerning eye finds much here that is worthy of chronicle, and his pure literary style and play of fancy dress it up to the best advantage. No lover of the Ridingdale cycle should be without this addition to it.

My Very Own, by S. M. Lyne (Catholic Truth Society, 2s.), is a collection of brightly written Catholic tales, each with a clear but not unduly obtrusive moral, and dealing with interesting incidents at home and abroad.

St. Mark, with Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. Cecil Burns, M.A., Professor of Philosophy at St. Edmund's College (Catholic Truth Society, 2s. 6d.), is the third of the series of Scripture Handbooks issued at that College, *St. Matthew* being still to come. With this series and that edited by Messrs. Burns and Oates, our Catholic pupils need no longer depend on non-Catholic manuals in their study of the Gospels. In completeness and clearness of arrangement, the present volume leaves little to be desired.

The learned Dominican, Père M. S. Gillet, has published under the title, *L'Éducation du Caractère* (Desclée, De Brouwer et Cie, 3 francs), the Conferences he delivered last year at the University of Louvain. These twenty-four eloquent discourses form a complete exposition of the true ideal of character, the ideal which combines clearness of vision with strength of purpose, and of the means, natural and supernatural, of overcoming the obstacles to its realization. The orator's three-fold division—Character and the Ideal, Character and the Passions, Character and Action—will indicate clearly enough his method of treatment and its thoroughness.

We are accustomed to reproach our French brethren of the Faith for their want of political union and solidarity, which leaves them victims to the organized oppression of their enemies. But we should do well to reflect that it is only lately, when the faith of our children has been threatened, that Catholics in England have made an approach to concerted political action. Moreover, in social matters, we must admit that they "do things better in France." There the teachings of Leo XIII. have taken deep root, and the Church is alive to the necessity of reaching the people from the social side. Hence, numberless organizations to bring the working classes of town and country into touch with Catholic principles. These are described very fully in a recent book, *Activités Sociales*, by Max Turmann (Paris: Lecoffre, 3 fr. 50), which, until under the stimulus of Socialism we get a literature of our own, will be found very useful by all social workers.

Père Hippolyte Leroy, S.J., has preached during the last fourteen years at the Gesù in Paris and in Brussels, a series of discourses, of which those delivered in 1907 have lately appeared, on *Jésus Christ: sa vie, son temps*. (Paris: Beauchesne et Cie, 3 francs). They form an eloquent commentary on the events of the Gospel narrative, with striking applications to contemporary events: in the present volume the orator nears the completion of his task, having arrived at the very eve of the Passion.

A publisher's note leaves us really nothing to say about *La Crise de Cérémonies Religieuses et de la Musique Sacrée*, par M. l'Abbé C. Besse (Lethielleux, 2 fr.). It is as follows:

Les arguments les plus sérieux et les plus inattendus, pris dans tous les ordres d'idées, constituent la plus solide des démonstrations, en même temps qu'une langue exquise, pleine de verve colorée fait de ce volume un véritable régal littéraire. Sur la question des maîtrises, du chant d'ensemble, de la formation des enfants et de la foule, l'auteur se montre d'une compétence pratique qui éclaire et qui est de nature à entraîner de courageuses initiatives.

Nous souhaitons beaucoup de succès à ce petit ouvrage plein de charme, qui par moments, comme un menuet littéraire, chante avec grâce, finesse et malice, et qui dans d'autres a des envolées de vrai lyrisme.

The Propositions condemned by the decree of the Holy Office, *Lamentabili sane*, of which the recent Encyclical is the necessary amplification, have already begun to receive scientific treatment at the hands of the theologians of the Church. MM. Beauchesne, of Paris, send us a commentary on those which concern the Person and Character of our Lord (**Christologie: Commentaire des Propositions xxvii.—xxxviii.**, par M. Lepin, 1.20 francs). These propositions treat of the Person of Christ, His Messiahship and Divinity, His knowledge and His consciousness, His Atonement by Death, and His Resurrection, and the eminent Lyons theological professor furnishes a clear explanation of the Catholic doctrine, refuting the while the views of M. Loisy, which are so subversive of that doctrine.

The title, *Petit Dictionnaire de la Foi* (par l'Abbé H. Cu villier, Lethielloux, 1'25 fr. post free), does injustice to a stout quarto volume, containing nearly 400 columns, and giving brief explanations of all words which have a reference remote or immediate to Christianity, its tenets and its practices. A desire for completeness has sometimes caused the inclusion of superfluous definitions; cf. "*Menterie*, n.f. synonyme vulgaire du mot *mensonge*."

M. l'Abbé J. Fontaine has distinguished himself by his various publications as the champion of orthodoxy against modern novelties, especially as regards the interpretation of the Scriptures. His latest volume, *La Théologie du Nouveau Testament et l'Évolution des Dogmes* (Paris: Lethielloux, 4'00 fr.), has a peculiar appropriateness at the present moment. It treats in the first place of the essence and character of New Testament dogma, its gradual formation, its definiteness, its organic connection with the Catholic system. The second part is concerned with the development of dogma, and the author renders an especially valuable service by showing how "modernists" have misunderstood and misapplied the three first rules formulated by Newman. The last chapters treat of the modern corruptions of dogma, and will be found particularly interesting, for therein the author meets face to face the chief exponents of the new doctrines, and demonstrates with equal candour and success the untenableness of their position. The accumulation of evidence presented here will be most instructive to those who have not understood the urgent necessity for the Encyclical *Pascendi gregis*.

As Belgium is perhaps the country in Europe where the soundest economic theories prevail, a handbook of political economy issued in that country should be worthy of especial notice by all students of that science. The *Manuel d'Economie Politique*, par le Père Jos. Schrijvers, C.S.S.R. (Roulers: de Meister, 3 fr. 50), is drawn up with great clearness, and presents in a short compass the main principles which govern the production, circulation, distribution and consumption of wealth. The inculcation of right notions on these points is at once the shortest and the surest way of combating Socialistic errors, and we welcome the valuable aid in this contest which Father Schrijver's excellent manual affords.

The series *Les Saints*, issued by M. Lecoffre, of Paris, continues to grow. The latest volume is *Sainte Hélène*, by Père A. M. Rouillon, O.P. (2 fr.), a biography which will be always interesting to Catholics as that of the holy Empress who discovered the True Cross. Father Rouillon is careful to distinguish historical fact from legend, but does not reject the latter, knowing that it has a value of its own. In the eloquent words of a brother Dominican, who contributes the preface:

Dans le tableau de la Vie des Saints, l'histoire est le dessin, avec sa probité implacable; à la légende appartient le coloris, dont la vérité admet quelque mirage, ce qui lui donne la transparence, l'éclat, le mouvement, la vie en un mot.

In *Ketteler*, par Georges Goyau (Collection: *La Pensée Chrétienne*, Paris: Bloud et Cie, 3 fr. 50 post free), we have the essence of the sociological doctrines of the great Bishop of Mayence, the remote founder of the splendid organization of the modern German Catholics, and one of the chief protagonists in the *Culturkampf*. The various extracts from his speeches and writings are grouped under several heads, e.g., The Church and Modern Times, The Church and different forms of Absolutism, The Church and the problem of Ownership, The Church and the Labour Question, and although the Bishop died twenty years ago, his wisdom and foresight were such, that

his advice is well worth pondering to-day. A full and interesting biography introduces the volume.

Amongst the many additions to good Catholic literature which we owe to the zeal and industry of the late Lady Amabel Kerr, the little posthumous book, **Common-Sense Talks** (Catholic Truth Society, 1s.), is not likely to rank as the least valuable, for it is the most mature. Its aim is to show the entire *reasonableness* of Catholic belief and practice, and its method, to introduce a convert-Catholic and a Protestant acquaintance, who discuss in friendly and candid conversation the main proofs of Catholicism and the stock objections to them. The Protestant side is stated by one "who has been there," and it loses nothing of force in consequence. Lady Amabel has not tried the impossible task of making the dialogue seem "natural," but it is quite readable notwithstanding.

Father George Cormack, I.C., of St. Etheldreda's, has produced a very attractive metrical version of an old French poem—*Del Tumbecor Nostre-Dame*. **Our Lady's Tumbler** (Burns and Oates, 6d. net), in this the first English verse translation, is rendered in four-foot rhyming couplets, amounting in all to 714 lines. The Reverend author humorously deprecates criticism by representing himself as so affected by the original that he felt himself driven to emulate the Tumbler's example, and "try for the first time a metrical tumble in honour of her whose thrall he glories to consider himself, and in whose service alone he would risk such an unwonted gyration." He may be congratulated on the excellence of his performance, which will give honour to his Patroness and pleasure to her other clients.

Mr. Elliot Stock sends us two books for children of the same money value—five shillings—but differing greatly in the worth of their contents. **A Motor Man in Fairyland**, by Charles Thursby, though pleasantly and prettily written and sure to please the nursery, needs the salt of humour to redeem it from insipidity in grown-up palates. **The Minimising of Maurice**, by the Rev. S. N. Sedgwick, M.A., deals with the same phenomenon of reduction of size, but advantage is taken of tininess, not to join in fairy adventures, but to observe the domestic habits of various little living things. An extremely interesting book is the result, the value of which is increased by many excellent photographs from Nature. The author cannot perhaps be blamed for stating (p. 37) that bees only visit one kind of flower each journey, for there is a respectable list of authorities for the assertion, from Aristotle to Lubbock. Yet, after all, it is not only *not* a fact, but completely falsified by the most ordinary observation. For an entire disproof of it, see Father Gerard's *Unnatural History*, pp. 119, 120.

The Secret of the Green Vase, by Frances Cooke (Benziger Bros., 4s.), is a well-told, interesting, and edifying story on somewhat conventional lines.

Under the title **Humbles Victimes** (Lethielleux, 2 fr. 50 c.), M. François Veuillot has collected a number of short French stories, all characterized by interest, pathos, and vivacity of style. In **Les Litanies du Saint-Nom de Jésus expliquées** (Beauchesne, 1 fr. 50), Dom Bernard Maréchaux has issued a devotional commentary on the various titles of our Lord and the petitions addressed to Him in the Litany. **Eucharistic Soul Elevations**, by the Rev. W. F. Stadelman, C.S.Sp. (Benziger Bros.), contains thirty-five devout meditations in preparation for Holy Communion. **The Gipsy Lovers** (Burns and Oates, 1s. 6d.), is a translation of Cervantes' *La Gitanilla*, with a learned foreword by the Rev. W. H. Kent, O.S.C. The "**Dyed Garments from Bosra**"

(Washbourne) is a little book of Passion-Meditations from that home of excellent ascetical literature, St. Mary's Convent, York. **Le Cœur de Jésus idéal des Cœurs** (Paris: Beauchesne, 1 fr. 50), is a French translation of a little book of prayers and meditations composed by Father Gaspar Druzicki, S.J., some twenty years before the revelations to Blessed Margaret Mary.

Children's Retreats, by the Rev. P. A. Halpin (Jos. Wagner, New York, \$1). The title of this volume is misleading. It does not contain any practical directions as to the method or management of such retreats or anything about their value, but simply presents three sets of instructions, actually given, seven in each set, in preparation for First Confession, First Communion, and Confirmation respectively, without even an introductory note as to how the author thinks these Conferences can be profitably used. As to these instructions, though they are simple even to baldness, we do not see anything in their substance or setting to give them the character of a *retreat*. There is a certain sincerity about them that may have carried them off in their first delivery, but the dearth of definite illustrations, the absence of uplifting and beautiful thoughts and images, together with the want of literary grace, make them but poor and unsuggestive reading. The doctrine of course is sound and orthodox, and the book has the *Imprimatur* of His Grace the Archbishop of New York.

Amongst recent useful penny publications of the C.T.S. are the following:

Galileo, by Rev. J. Gerard, S.J.

Science and its Counterfeit, by Rev. J. Gerard, S.J.

Scientific Facts and Scientific Hypotheses, by Bertram Windle, M.D.

The Reform of Church Music, by Justine Bayard Ward.

Garibaldi and his Friends, by the Rev. H. Thurston, S.J.

Dick Hart, by the Rev. D. Bearne, S.J.

The Maintenance of Religion in the School, by the Archbishop of Westminster.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

SOCIETY, SIN, AND THE SAVIOUR. Addresses on the Passion of our Lord. By Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J. London: Kegan Paul and Co. Price, 5s.

EARLY ESSAYS AND LECTURES. By Canon Sheehan, D.D. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. Price, 6s. net.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE OF PLENARY INDULGENCES. By the Rev. Pio Massi, S.J. New York: Benziger Bros.

THE WRITINGS OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. Translated from the French by the Countess de la Warr. London: Burns and Oates. Price, 2s. 6d. net.

IN THE SCHOOL OF ST. FRANCIS. Translated from the French by Imelda Chambers. London: R. and T. Washbourne.

PRACTICAL PREACHING FOR PRIESTS AND PEOPLE. Being twenty-five short Sermons. By the Rev. B. W. Kelly. London: Thomas Baker. Price, 4s. net.

THE EDUCATION OF OUR GIRLS. By Thomas E. Shields, Ph.D. New York: Benziger Bros. Price, 4s.

THE "GRAMMAR OF ASSENT" AND THE OLD PHILOSOPHY. By J. J. Toohey, S.J. Reprinted from the *Irish Theological Quarterly*.

THE DEGREES OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE. 2 Vols. By the Abbé

A. SAUDREAU. Translated from the French by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. London: R. and T. Washbourne.

BEDE PAPERS. By the Rev. Charles Ryder. London: Art and Book Co. Price, 2s. 6d. net.

TOMMIE AND HIS MATES. By the Rev. D. Bearne, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society. Price, 2s. 6d.

ST. MARK. By Rev. Cecil Burns, M.A. St. Edmund's College Series of Scripture Handbooks. London: Catholic Truth Society. Price, 2s. 6d.

L'EDUCATION DU CARACTERE. CONFERENCES UNIVERSITAIRES. Par le Père Gillet, O.P. Paris: Desclée, De Brouwer et Cie. Price, 3 fr.

CHILDREN'S RETREATS. By the Rev. P. A. Halpin. New York: Wagner. Price, \$1.

DIEU: L'EXPERIENCE EN METAPHYSIQUE. Par Xavier Moisan. Paris: Rivière. Price, 7 fr.

JESUS CHRIST, SA VIE, SON TEMPS. Leçons d'Ecriture Sainte, année 1907. Par le Père H. Leroy, S.J. Paris: Beauchesne et Cie. Price, 3 fr.

CHRISTOLOGIE: Commentaire des Propositions 27—38 du Décret du Saint-Office *Lamentabili*. Par M. Lepin. Paris: Beauchesne et Cie. Price, 1 fr. 20.

LA CRISE DES CEREMONIES RELIGIEUSES ET DE LA MUSIQUE SACREE. Par l'Abbé C. Besse. Paris: Lethielleux. Price, 2 fr.

PETIT DICTIONNAIRE DE LA FOI. Par l'Abbé H. Cuvillier. Paris: Lethielleux. Price, 1 fr. 20.

MANUEL D'ECONOMIE POLITIQUE. Par Jos. Schrijvers, C.S.S.R. Roulers: de Meester. Price, 3 fr. 50.

SAINTE HELENE (Collection "Les Saints.") Par le Père A.-M. Rouillon, O.P. Paris: Lecoffre. Price, 2 fr.

KETTELER. Par Georges Goyau (Collection *La Pensée Chrétienne*.) Paris: Bloud et Cie. Price, 3 fr. 50.

COMMON SENSE TALKS. By Lady Amabel Kerr. London: Catholic Truth Society. Price, 1s.

OUR LADY'S TUMBLER. By Father George Cormack, I.C. London: Burns and Oates. Price, 6d.

A MOTOR MAN IN FAIRYLAND. By Charles Thursby. London: Elliot Stock. Price, 5s. net.

THE MINIMIZING OF MAURICE. By the Rev. S. N. Sedgwick, M.A. London: Elliot Stock. Price, 5s. net.

EUCCHARISTIC SOUL ELEVATIONS. By Rev. W. F. Stadelman, C.S.Sp. New York: Benziger Bros.

LES LITANIES DU SAINT-NOM DE JESUS. By Père D. Bernard Maréchaux. Paris: Beauchesne et Cie. Price, 1 fr. 50.

HUMBLES VICTIMES. Par François Veuillot. Paris: Lethielleux. Price, 2 fr. 50.

THE SECRET OF THE GREEN VASE. By Frances Cooke. New York: Benziger Bros. Price, 4s.

THE GIPSY LOVERS. By Cervantes. London: Burns and Oates. Price, 1s. 6d.

LE CŒUR DE JESUS IDEAL DES CŒURS. Par Père G. Druzicki, S.J. Traduit par A. Hamon. Paris: Beauchesne et Cie. Price, 1 fr.

CATHOLICISM AND INDEPENDENCE, being Studies in Spiritual Liberty. By M. D. Petre. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. Price, 3s. 6d. net.

APOLOGIE ELEMENTAIRE: DIEU ET LA RELIGION. Par le Chanoine de La Paquerie. Paris: Bloud et Cie. Price, 4 fr.

LA THEOLOGIE DU NOUVEAU TESTAMENT ET L'EVOLUTION DES DOGMES. Par l'Abbé J. Fontaine. Paris: Lethielleux. Price, 3 fr. 50.

LA THEOLOGIE DE SAINT PAUL: PREMIERE PARTIE. Par F. Prat, S.J. Paris: Beauchesne et Cie. Price, 6 fr. net.

LA RELIGION DES PEUPLES NON CIVILISES. Par A. Bros. Paris: Lethielleux.

DE NECESSITATE CREDENDI ET CREDENDORUM SEU DE FIDE SALUTARI. By Raimundus-Maria Martin, O.P. Louvain: A Uystpruyst-Dieudonné.

THE LAW OF CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE IN RELATION TO THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER'S MARRIAGE ACT. By the Rev. Darwell Stone, M.A. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. Price, 3d.

VARIOUS C.T.S. PENNY TRACTS.

MARSHAL TURENNE. By the author of *A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby*, &c. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. Price, 12s. 6d. net.

THE KING OVER THE WATER. By A. Shield and A. Lang. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. Price, 15s. net.

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA. Vol. II. Assize-Bro. New York: Robert Appleton and Co.

DOGME ET CRITIQUE. Par Edouard Le Roy. Paris: Bloud et Cie. Price, 4 fr.

YESTERDAYS. And TASSO'S LATER WORK: AFFINITIES TASSIAN AND MILTONIC. By Henry Clouston. London: Postal Literary Alliance. Each, 1s. net.

NUNBURNHOLME: its History and Antiquities. By the Rev. M. F. C. Morris, B.C.L., M.A. London: Henry Frowde. Price, 12s. 6d. net.

THE FUTURE LIFE AND MODERN DIFFICULTIES. By F. Claude Kempson. London: Pitman.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE EMPRESS PULCHERIA. By Ada B. Teetgen. London: Swan, Sonnenschien, and Co.

PROCEDURE AT THE ROMAN CURIA. By the Very Rev. Nicholas Hilling, D.D. New York: Wagner.

THE CATHOLIC "WHO'S WHO" AND YEAR BOOK FOR 1908. Edited by Sir F. C. Burnand. London: Burns and Oates. Price, 3s. 6d.

MONISM? Thoughts suggested by Professor Haeckel's book, *The Riddle of the Universe*. By S. Ph. Marcus, M.D. Translated by R. W. Felkin, M.D. London: Redman. Price, 1s. net.

MODERNISM: What it is and why it was condemned. By C. S. B. London: Sands and Co. Price, 4d.

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA: A Study in the Religion, Literature and History of the Fourteenth Century in Italy. By Edmund G. Gardner, M.A. London: J. M. Dent and Co.

REGINA POETARUM: Our Lady's Anthology. Selected and arranged by the Hon. Alison Stourton. London: R. and T. Washbourne. Price, 3s. 6d. net.

L'EVANGILE: Synopse, Vie de Notre Seigneur, Commentaire. By l'Abbé Verdunoy. Paris: Lecoq. Price, 3 fr. 50.

THOUGHTS ON THE RELIGIOUS LIFE. Edited by Rev. F. X. Lasance. New York: Benziger Bros. Price, 6s.

THE CATHOLIC DIRECTORY FOR 1908. London: Burns and Oates. Price, 1s. 6d. net.

FLORENCE AND NORTHERN TUSCANY, WITH GENOA. By Edward Hutton. London: Methuen, 1907. Price, 6s.

FOREIGN REVIEWS.

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Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (December 1 and 15).

J. Lebreton.—The Study of Christian Origins.

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H. Mangenot.—The Burial of Jesus.

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J. Lebreton.—The Inquisition. Reviews, &c.

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Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (1907). No. X.

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H. A. Krose.—The Broad Results of the Religious Census in Germany of Dec. 1, 1905.

M. Meschler.—The Nourishment and Development of Man's Body.

C. Pesch.—The Conclusion of the Schell-Affair. Reviews, &c.

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P. Dudon.—The Recruiting of the Clergy.

P. Bliard.—A French Priest and the Revolutionary Oath. Reviews, &c.

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Modernism in Philosophy.

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Arthur Graf's "Ecce Homo." Reviews, &c.

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L. Murillo.—The Encyclical "Pascendi Gregis."

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R. Ruiz Amado.—The Educational Reform.

P. Pastello.—The Emulation between Spain and Portugal in the Sixteenth Century.

P. Hernandez.—Religious Persecution in the Eighteenth Century.

J. Furgús.—Mohammedan Art. Reviews, &c.

VII.

Revue Générale (December).

R. Havard de la Montagne.—The Académie Française under the Third Republic (1871-1907).

G. Guillot.—A Military Family in the Eighteenth Century.

J. Ageorges.—The Ideas of M. Emile Faguet.

A. Ernst.—The Second Peace Conference. Reviews, &c.

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Revue de Fribourg (November). *P. Hervelin.*—Ernest Hello.

G. Loumyer.—Medieval Superstitions and Beliefs.

J. Okwietko.—The Decision of the Community.

G. de Vevey.—Swiss Rural Economy. Reviews, &c.

